

TERROR ON THE TANBARK

*Starring
SAM & MAX*

AS SOFT, MARKETABLE BABY
VERSIONS OF THEMSELVES.



SAM & MAX DEEP DEEP THINKERS IN: PONDERINGS OF THE AGES

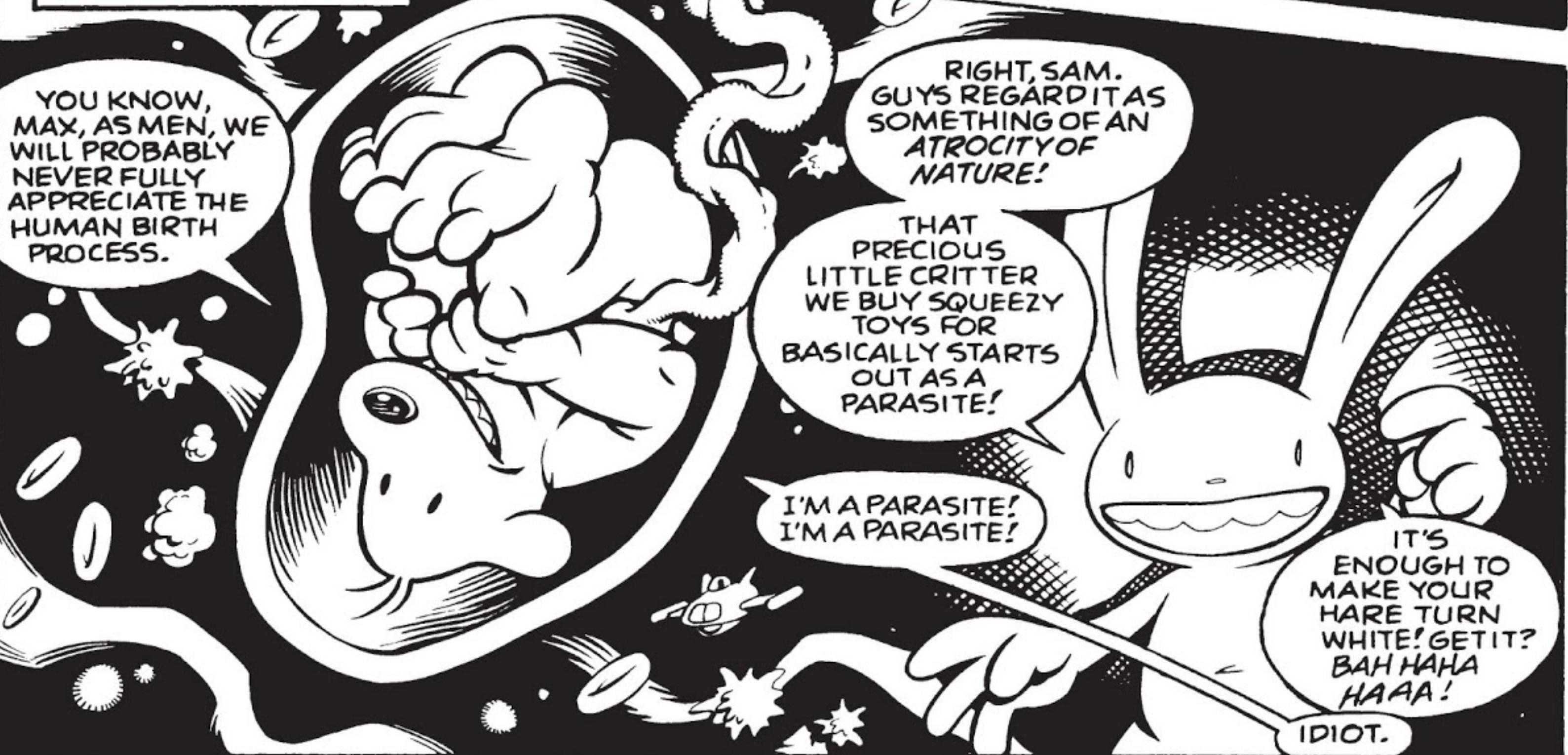
RIDDLES OF NATURE

I READ ABOUT THIS ONCE! WHAT'S MORE HORRIBLE THAN A CATFISH THAT CAN BREATHE AIR AND WALK THE EARTH ON ITS HIDEOUS LITTLE FINS?

I KNOW! AND I'LL BE ANSWERING IN THE FORM OF A TONGUE TWISTER--HOW 'BOUT SWAMP ROAD FISHGUTS SLICKS?



SOMETHING TO BUG THE LADIES



END

WHEREVER THERE'S A NECKLESS
GOON BEATING UP A GUY-

WHEREVER AN INBRED STREET
GANG IS TORCHING A HELPLESS
BUM -

WHEREVER INNOCENT CREATURES
ARE TERRORIZED BY THE
HATEFUL AND IGNORANT -

WELL BE THERE!
SEVERELY DISAPPROVING.
RIGHT MAX?!...
....MAX?...



SAM & MAX COMING
SOON
FROM:
FREELANCE POLICE



©'87 STEVE PURCELL.

SAM & MAX FOR THE NATIONAL RIFLE AND ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION

MAX AND I
WOULDN'T WANT
EVERY GIBBERING
LUNATIC CARRYING
THESE THINGS
AROUND...

...BUT WE DON'T
WANT SOME CHEEZE
FILLED BUREAUCRAT
TAKING AWAY OUR
SOMETHING OR OTHER
AMENDMENT RIGHT
TO KEEP AND BEAR
HARPOON GUNS AND
CONCUSSION BOMB
LAUNCHERS-RIGHT
MAX?

LET ME PUT IT
THIS WAY SAM - IF
YOU MET A NINE FOOT
HUMANOID WITH A RUSTY
MEAT AXE STANDING
IN YOUR FOYER, WOULD YOU
RATHER BE HOLDING A
BUSTED BALL BAT
OR ONE OF
THESE?!

WHAT
THE HELL'S
A FOYER?

SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE
- COMING SOON -
FROM
FISHWRAP





CRIME IS A DISEASE

AND WE'RE A PINK,
CHALKY-TASTING
MEDICINE!
RIGHT MAX?

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKING
ABOUT!



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SAM & MAX
FREELANCE POLICE

COMING
IN
AUGUST
FROM:



HAVING A
PECULIAR TIME!
LOVE,
SAM & MAX

ERNIE'S
LOST WORLD

GIFTS

FOSSES
TOYS

Eric Mele ©87

SAM & MAX

FREELANCE POLICE

• SPECIAL ROAD TRIP EDITION •





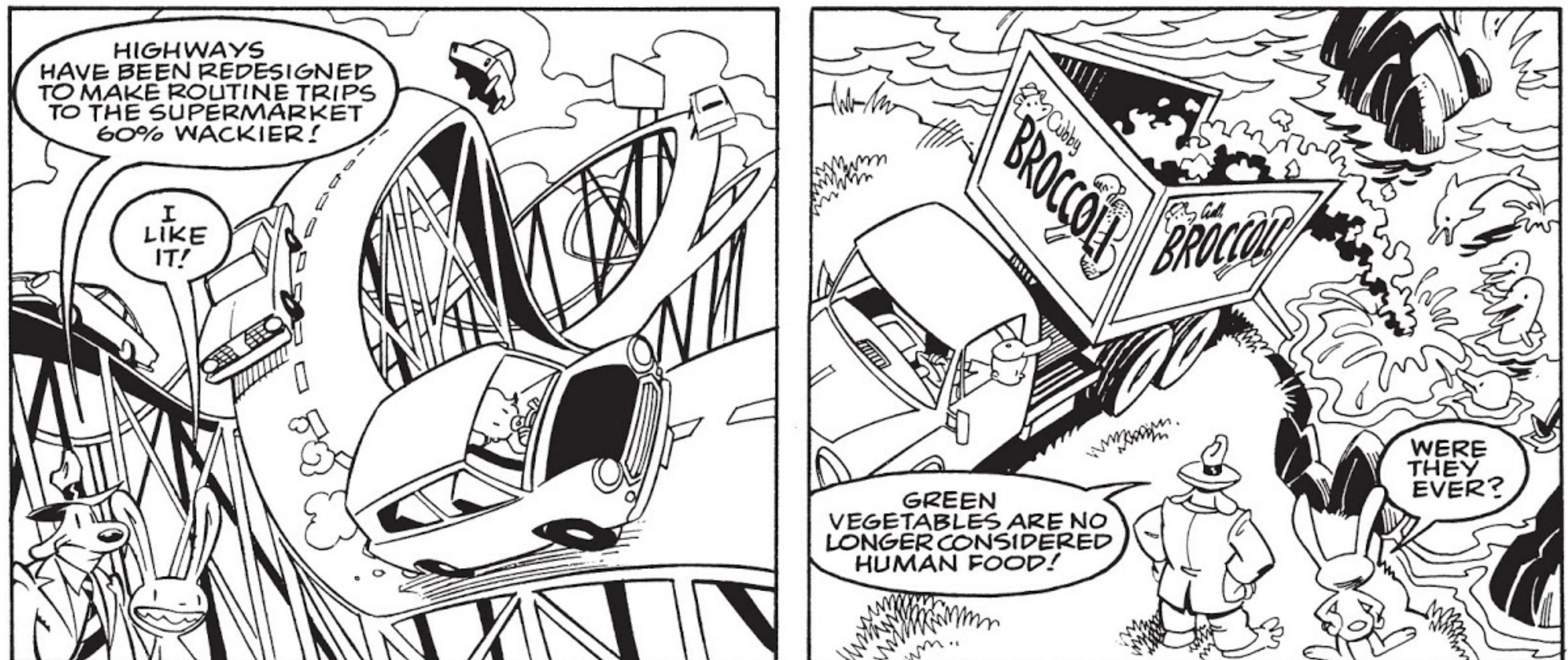
SAM & MAX ON THE ROAD



BUCKLE UP!









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SAM & MAX SKEPTICAL INVESTIGATORS

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Sam & Max

LETTERED BY LOIS BUHALIS

WE'RE BACK WITH
OUR FIRST GUEST--A THICK-
MINDED "ABDUCTEE" WHO CLAIMS
SHE ACTUALLY POPPED-OUT
A HYBRID ALIEN CHILD!

Pffffft!

HE HAD BIG,
BLACK EYES LIKE A
COCKERSPANIEL...AND
PASTY, GREY SKIN...LIKE
THE CLERKS AT
THE RMV.

PERSONALLY,
I THINK YOU'RE FULL
OF CRAP--

-- AND IF THE
AUDIENCE IS WITH ME,
I'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS
OPPORTUNITY TO REDUCE
YOU TO A DEFEATED,
BLUBBERING SHELL
OF YOURSELF.

BUT IT'S
TRUE!

COME OFF IT, TOOTS!
YOU'D HAVE US BELIEVE
YOU'VE BEEN GETTIN'-IT-ON
WITH SOME CLAMMY,
BUBBLE-HEADED ALIEN! WHICH
IS IT-DELUSIONAL PSYCHOSIS
OR JUST WISHFUL THINKING?!

THAT'S HIM! THAT'S
THE ONE!

OOOOOOOO

LADY, I'M THIS CLOSE
TO POURING MY DRINK
ON YOU.

OH, RIGHT. WHEN
YOU BACK THESE KOOKS
INTO A CORNER, THEY
ALWAYS RESORT TO
OUTLANDISH
THEATRICS.

SHOULD
I CALL
SOMEBODY?

OH, YOU'RE
GOOD. YOU'RE
REAL GOOD.

AW, THAT'S CUTE.
GO ON--SPLIT IN HALF
AND LET THE LOCUSTS
FLY OUT. VERY
IMPRESSIVE. VERY
WHIMSICAL.

IS
ANYONE
ACTUALLY
BUYING
THIS LOAD?

ANOTHER SORRY-ASS
PARANORMAL CLAIM
PUMMELED SILLY BY THE
BODY BLOWS OF REASON.
RIGHT, MAX?

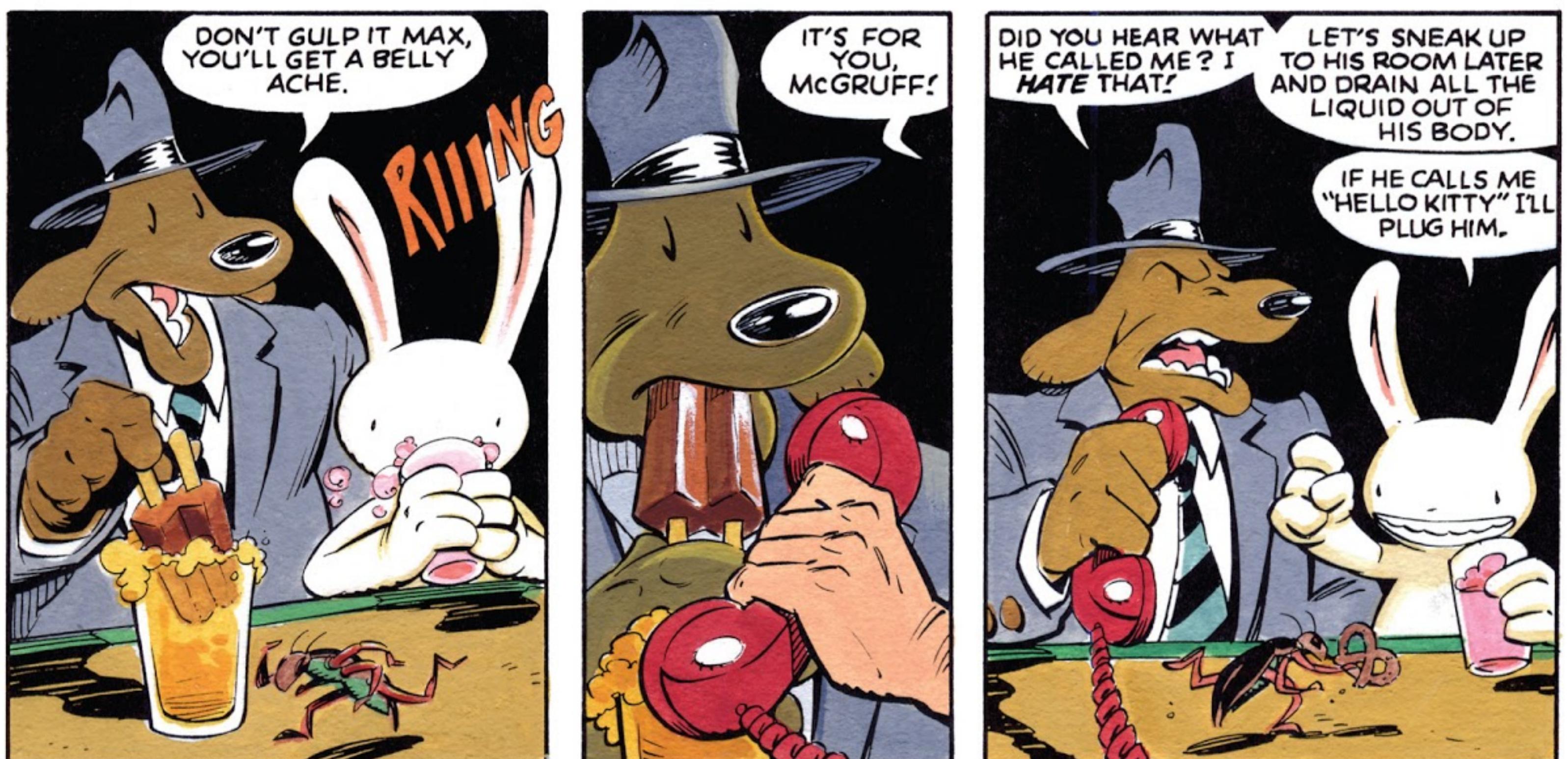
SAM, DID
YOU ACTUALLY
SAY, "GETTIN'-
IT-ON"?

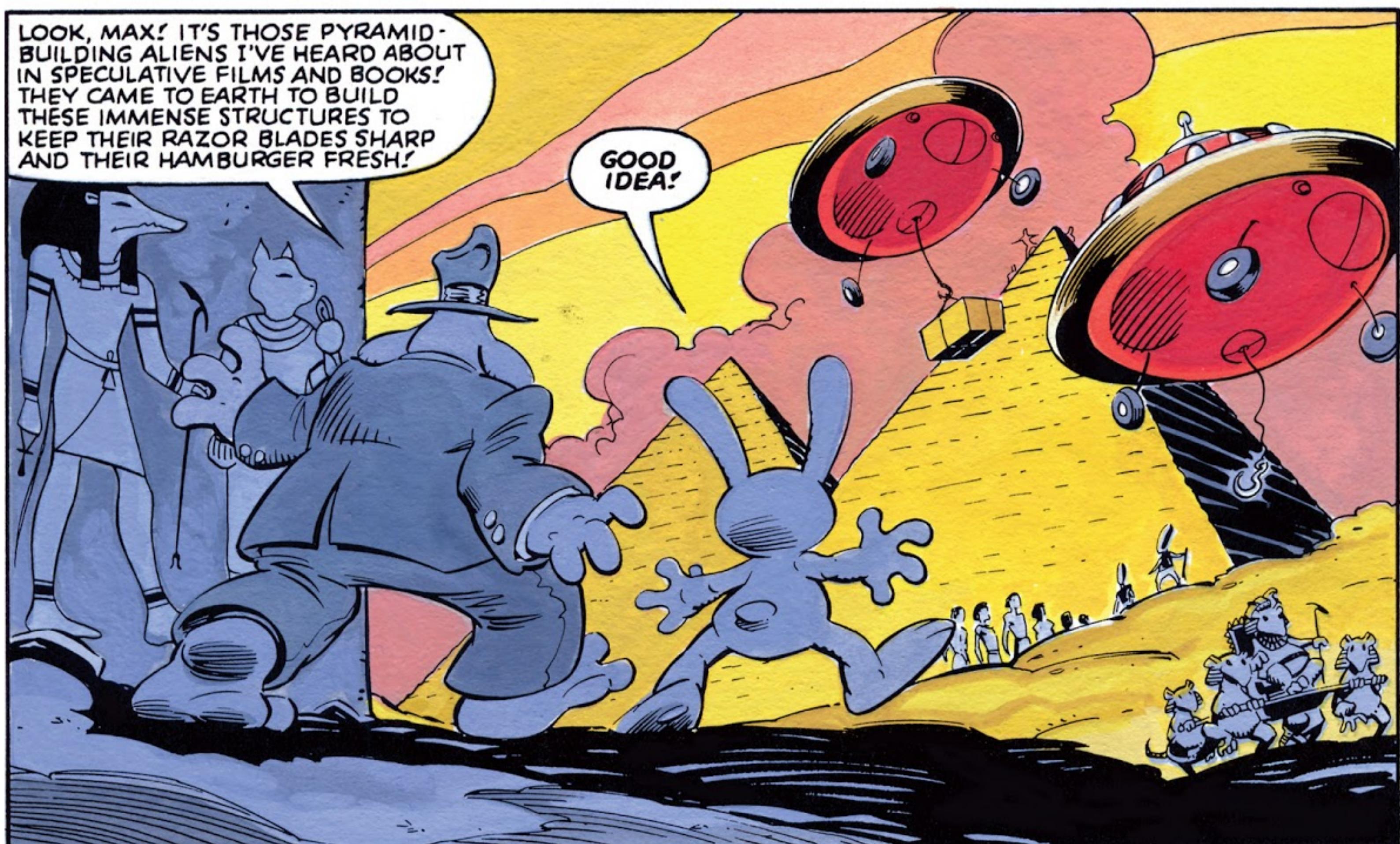
NEXT WEEK--
GUSHING STIGMATICS!
THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD
FOR A HOOT!

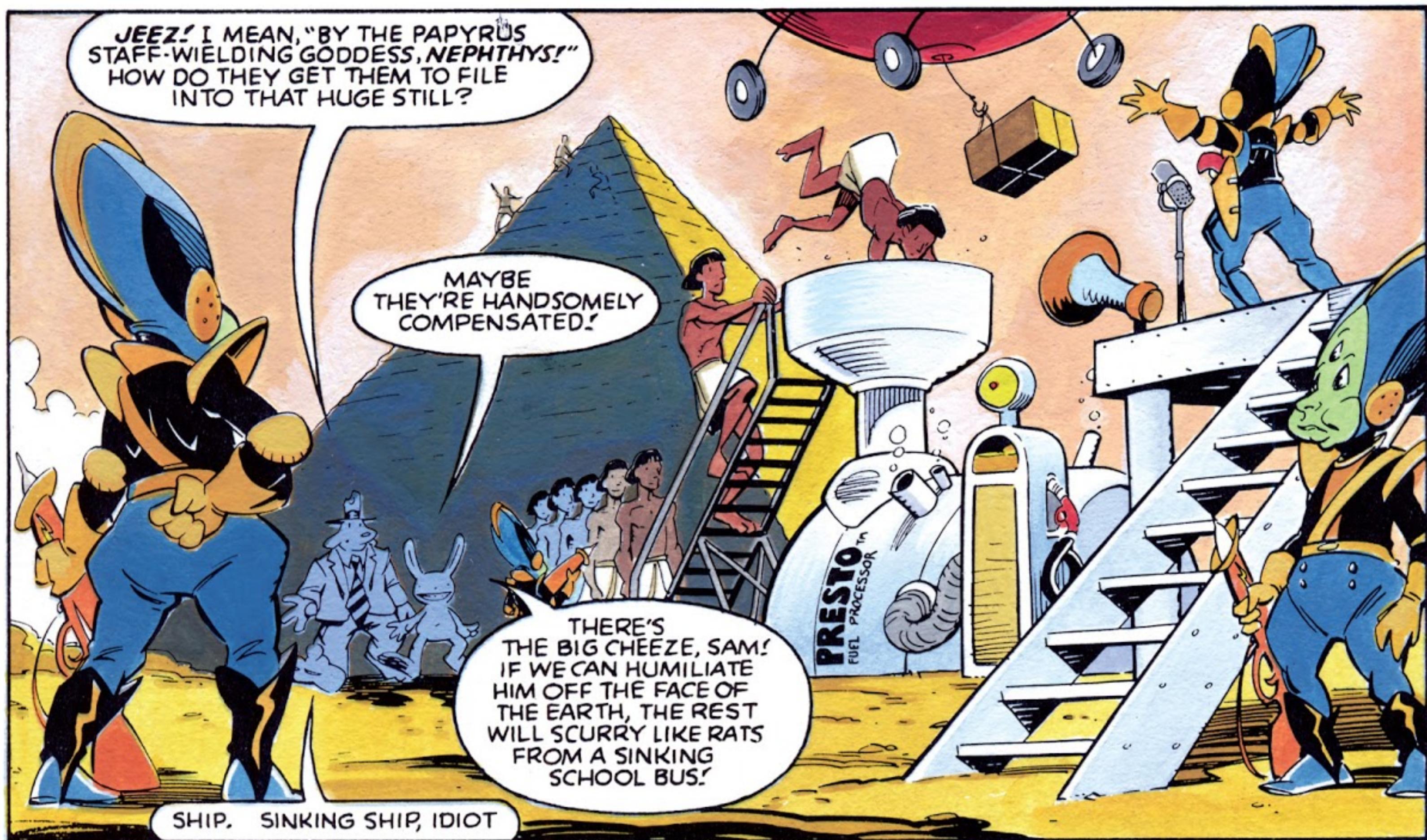
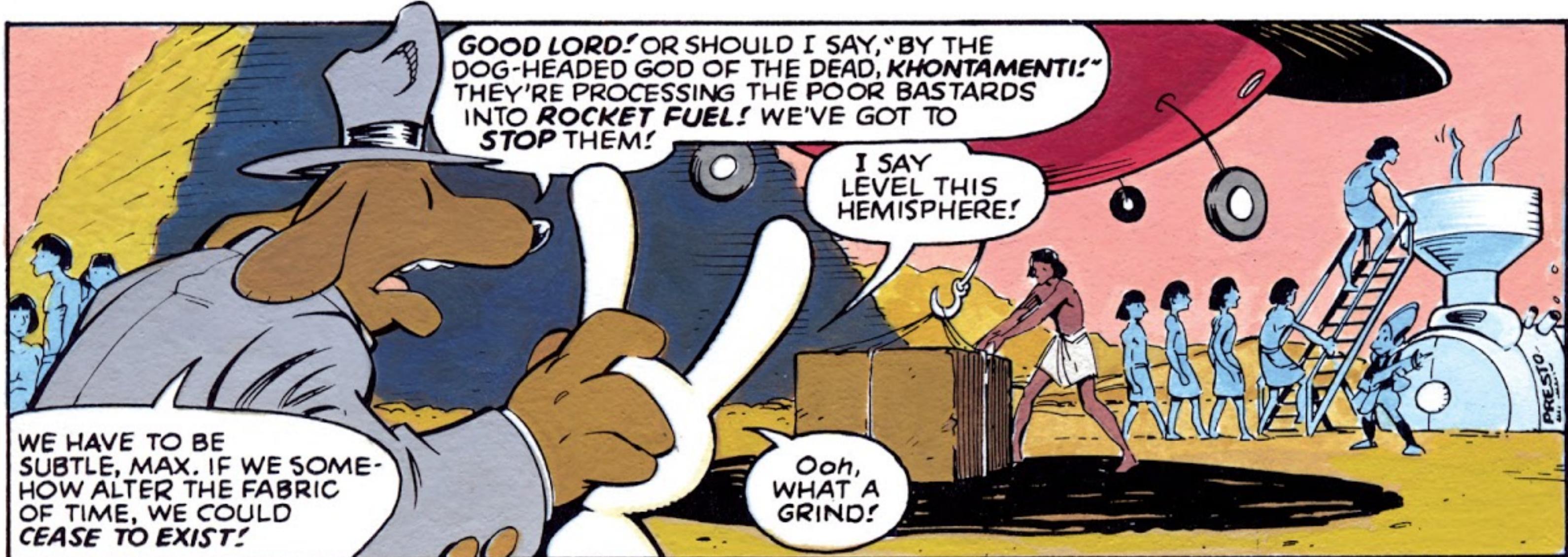
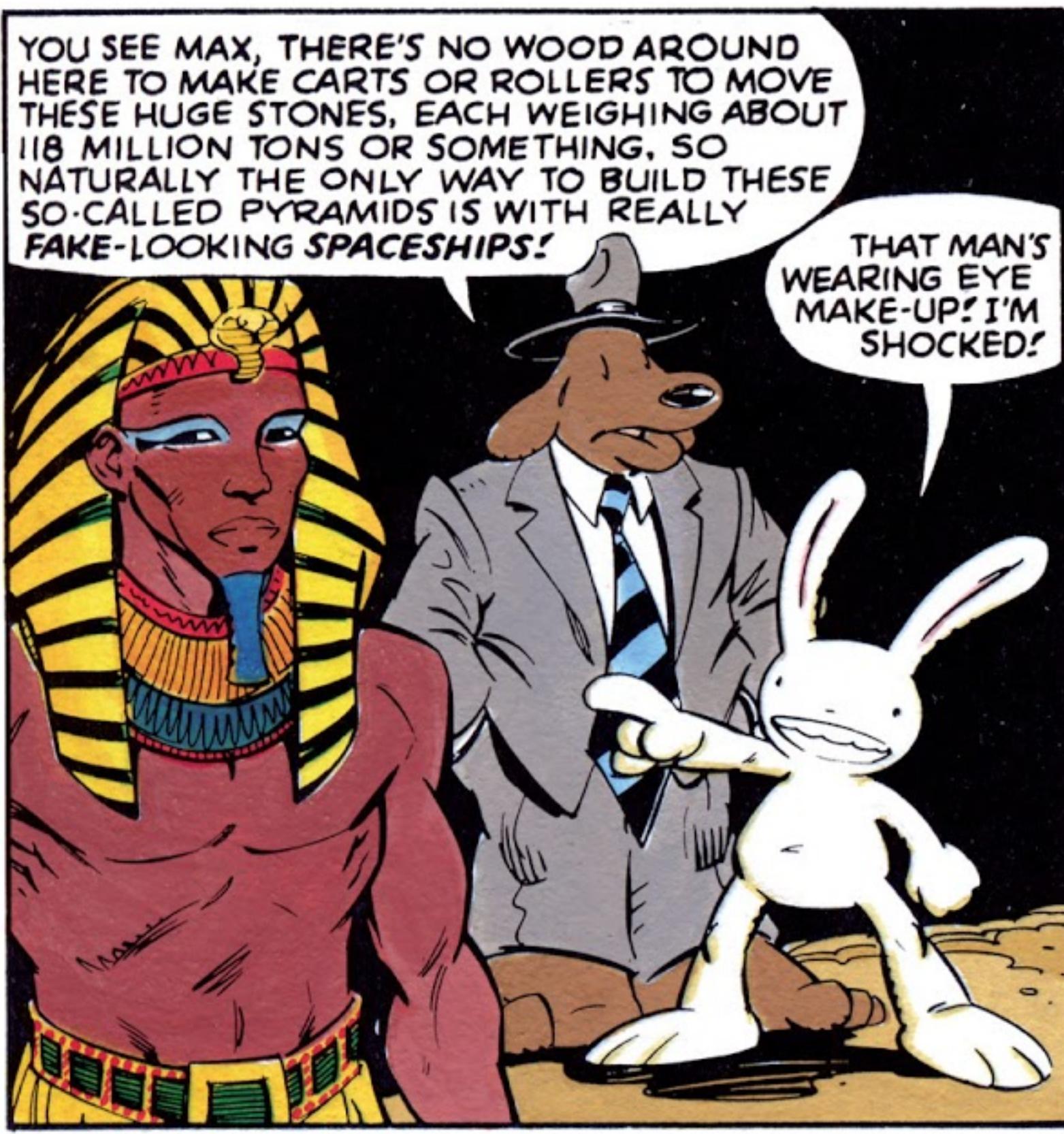
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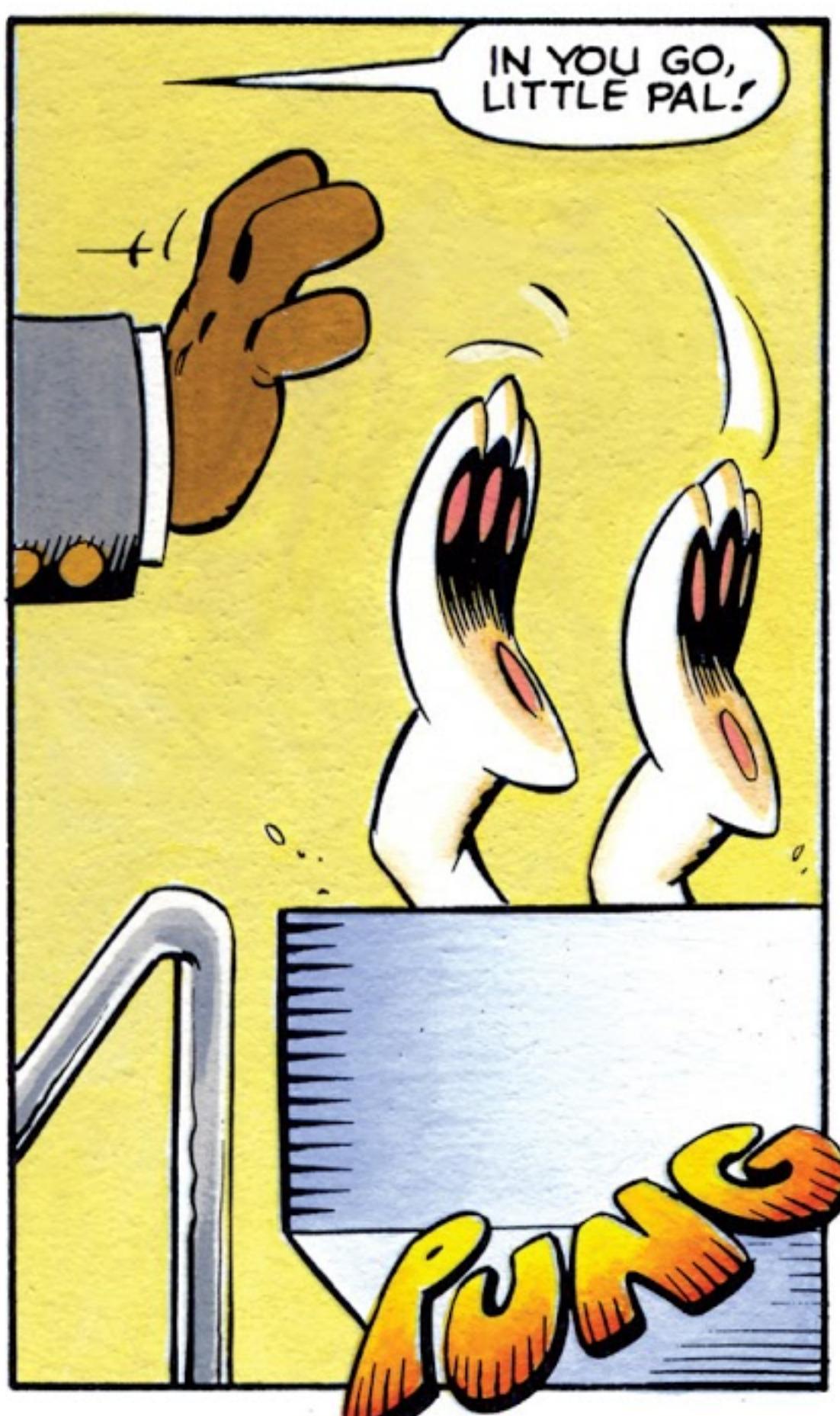
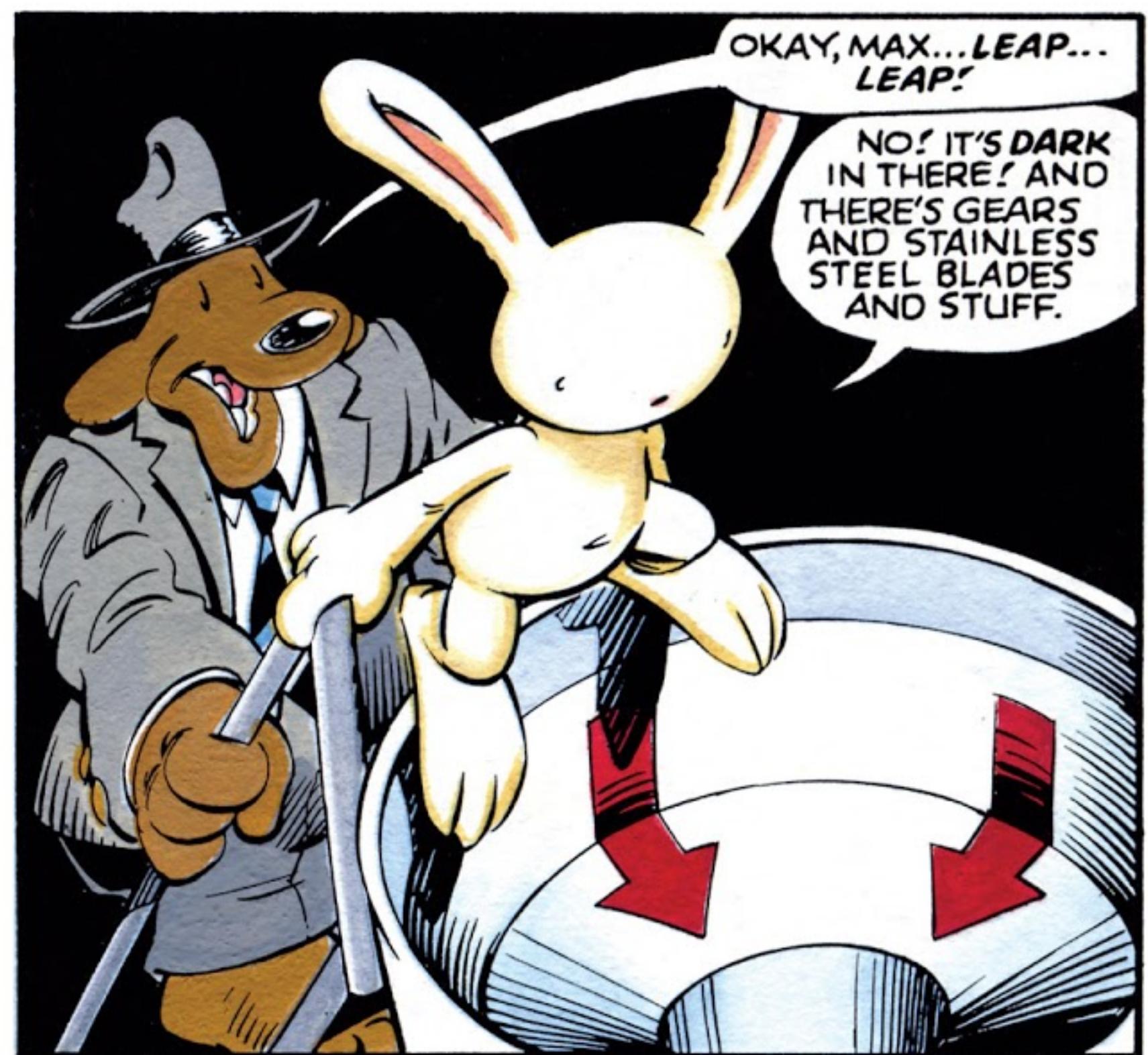
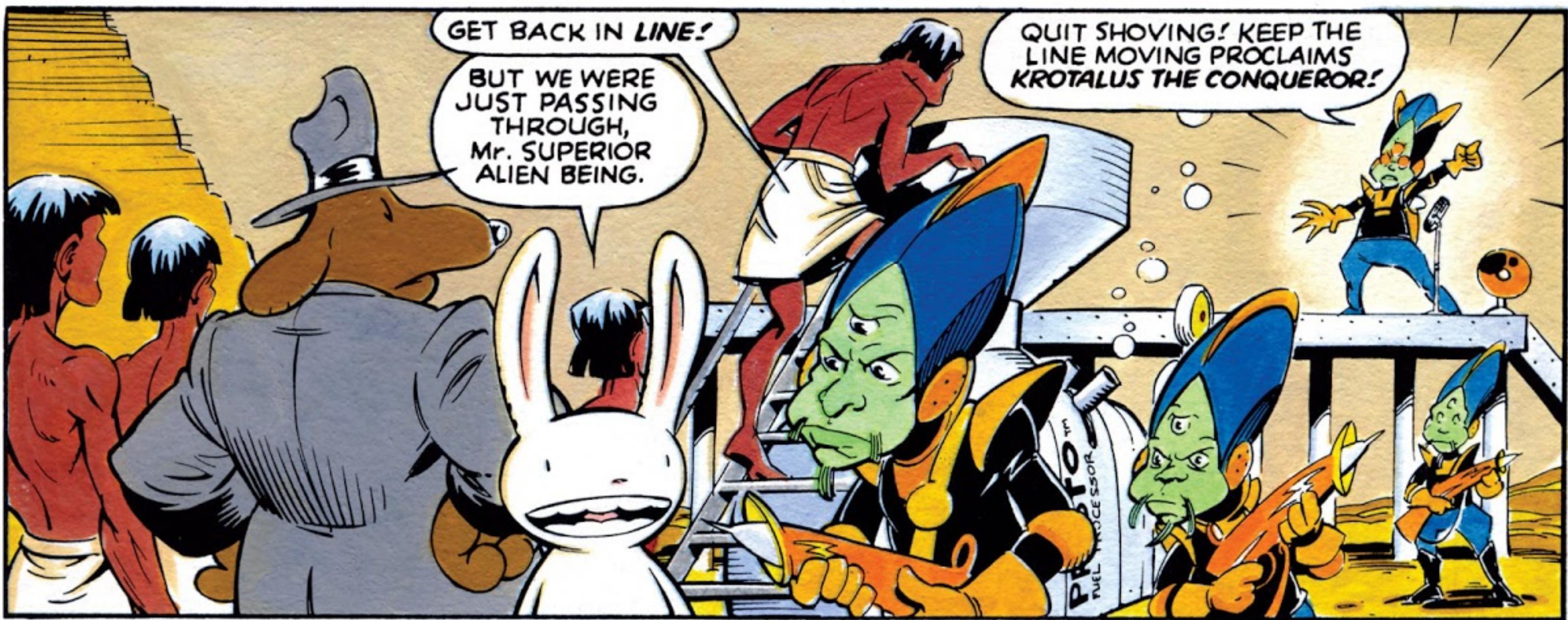
FAIR WIND TO JAVA

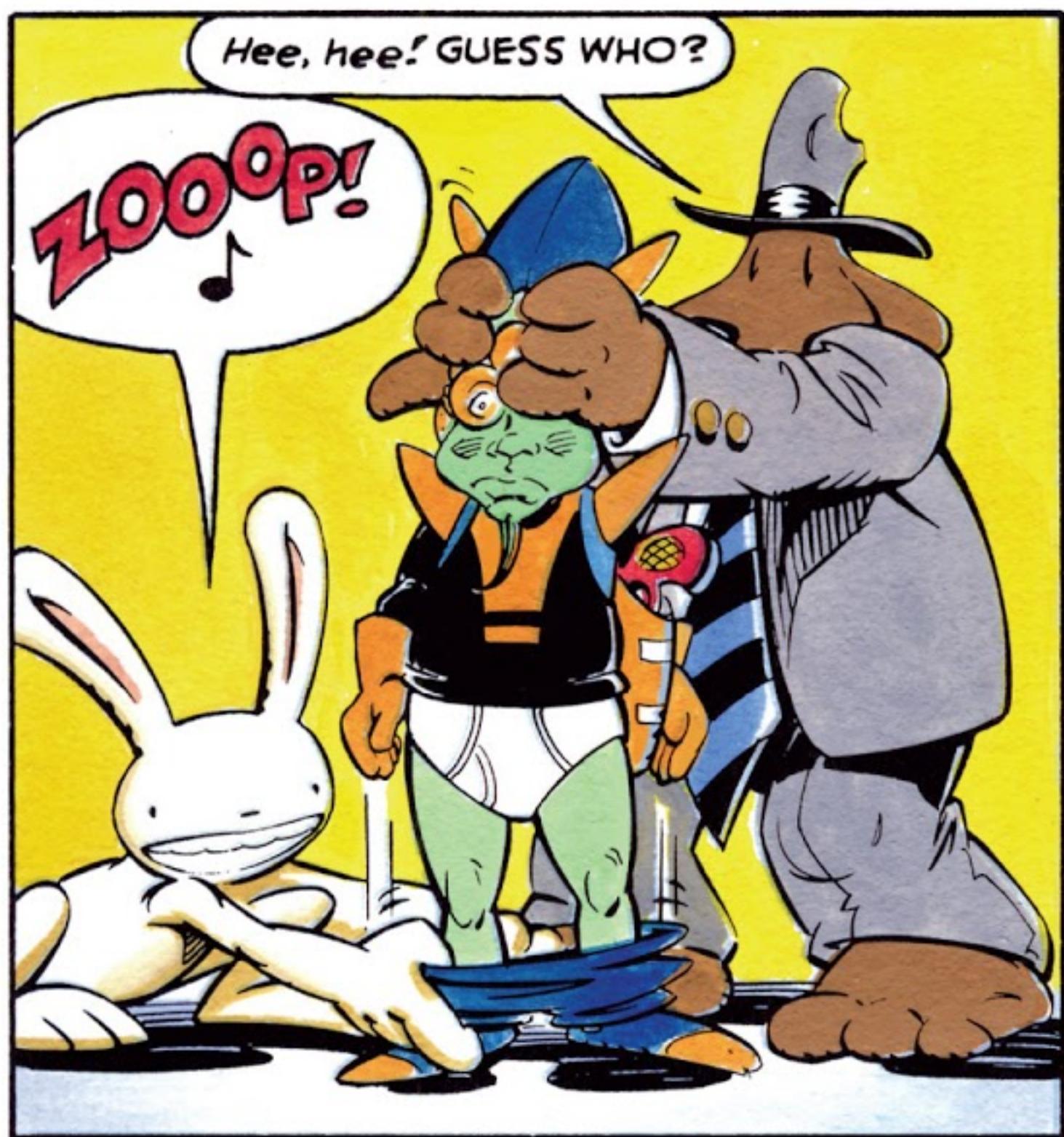
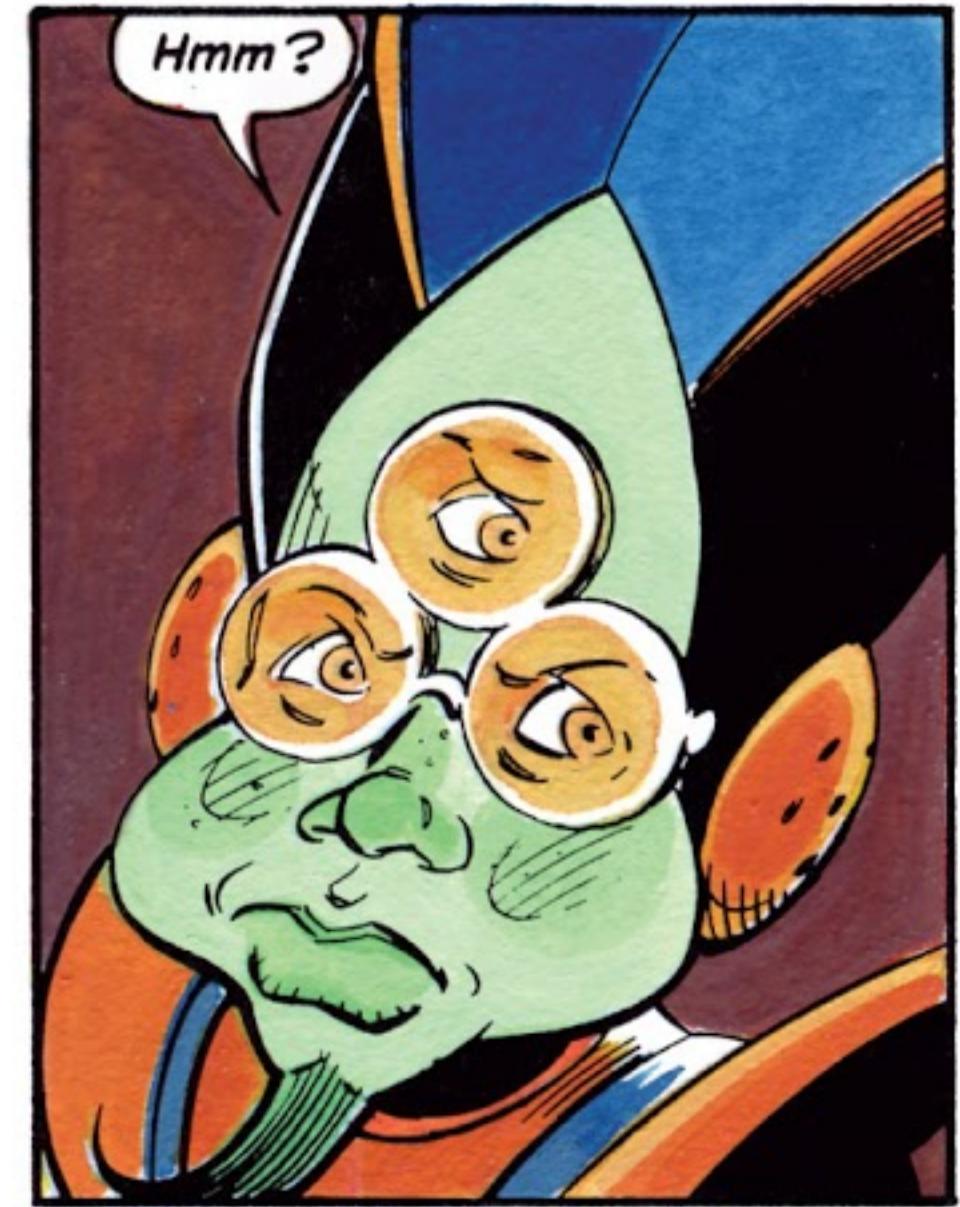
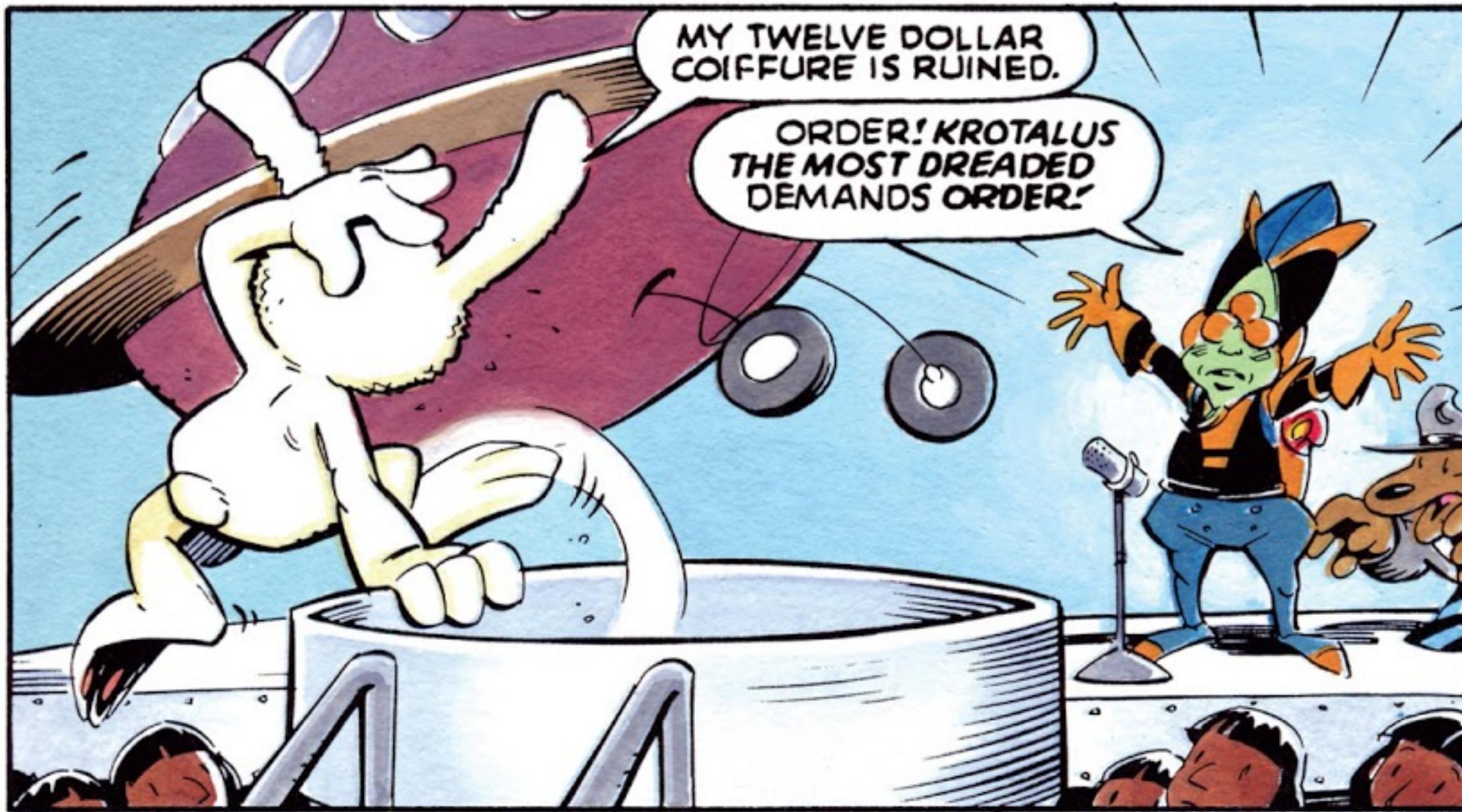
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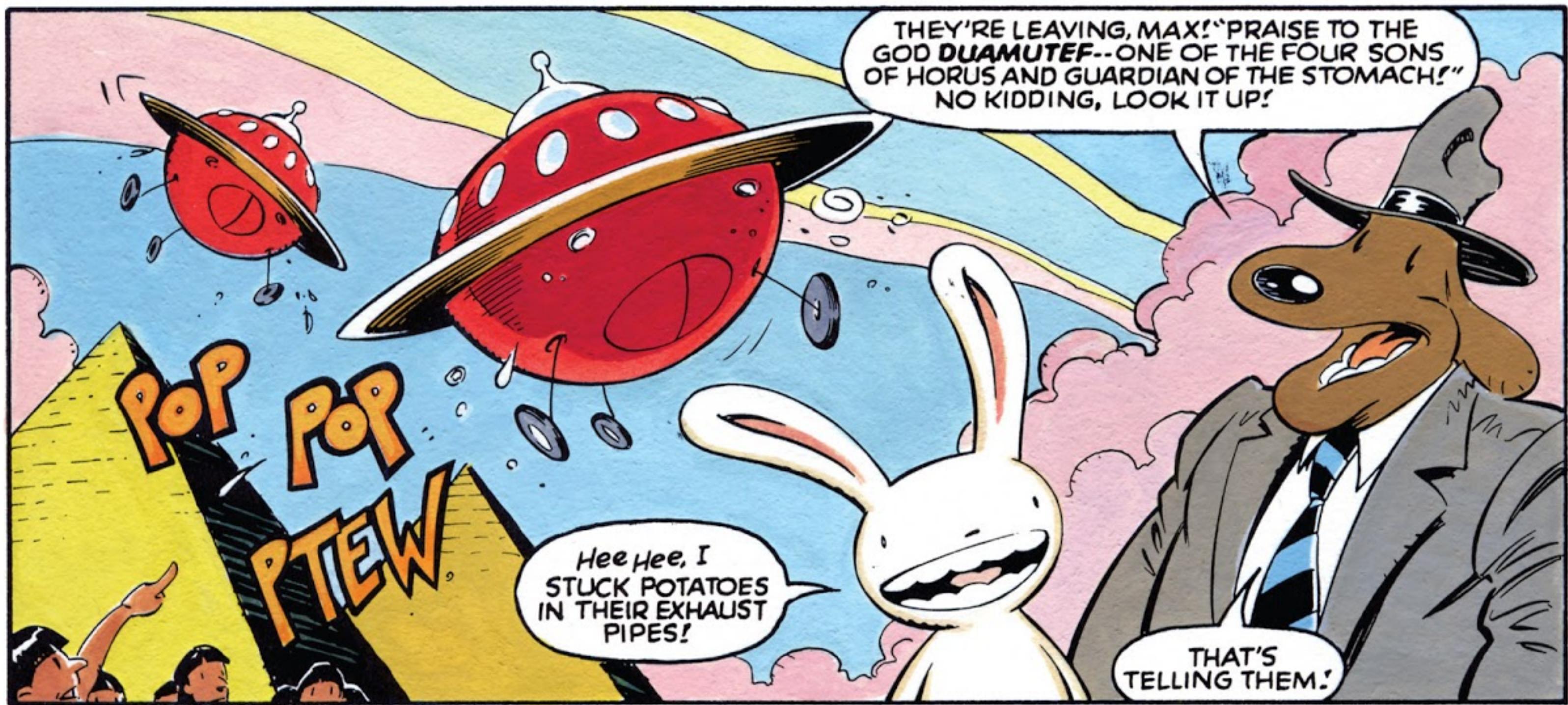












Thanks to SCOTT G. MIGNOLA, who somehow actually dreamed part of this story.

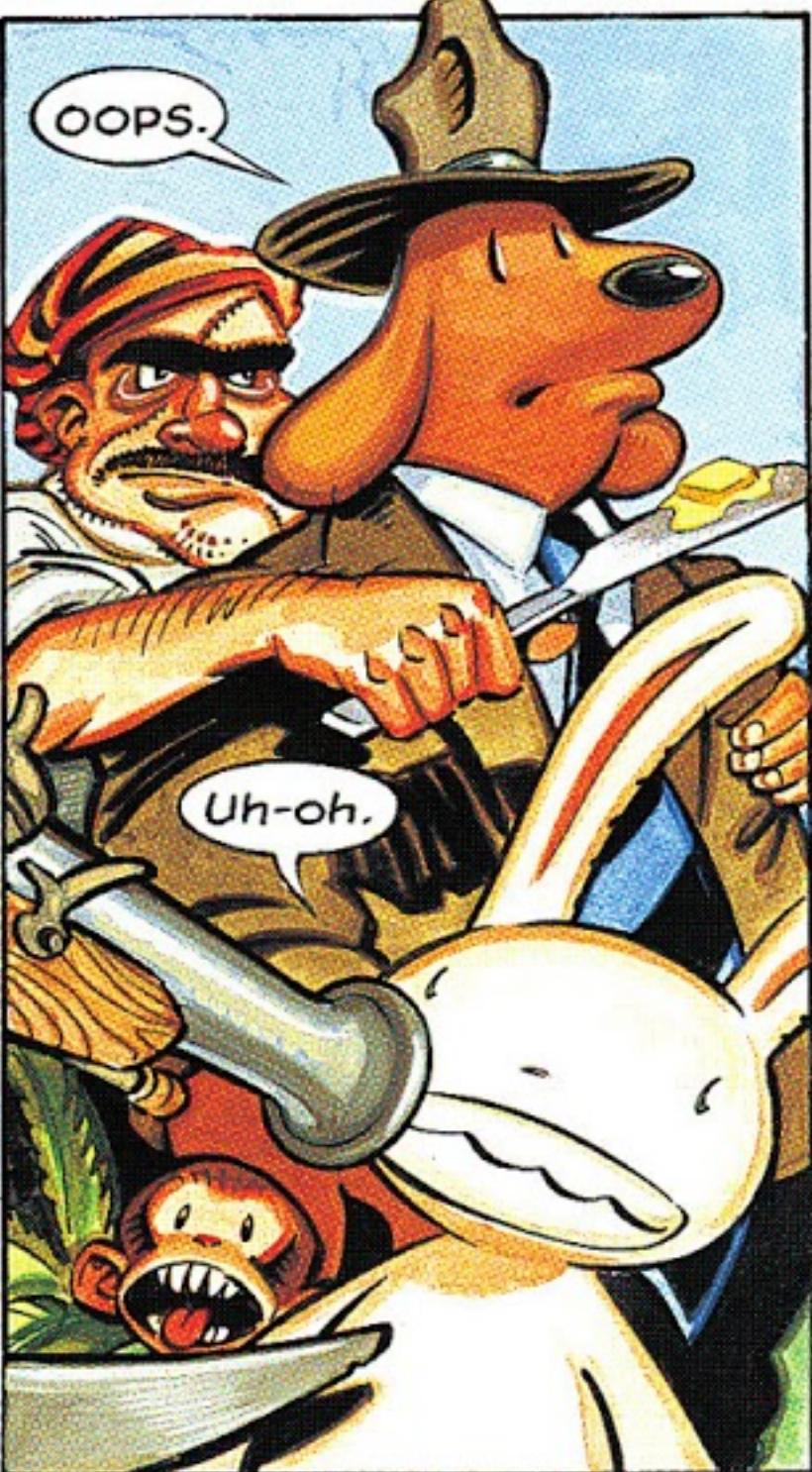
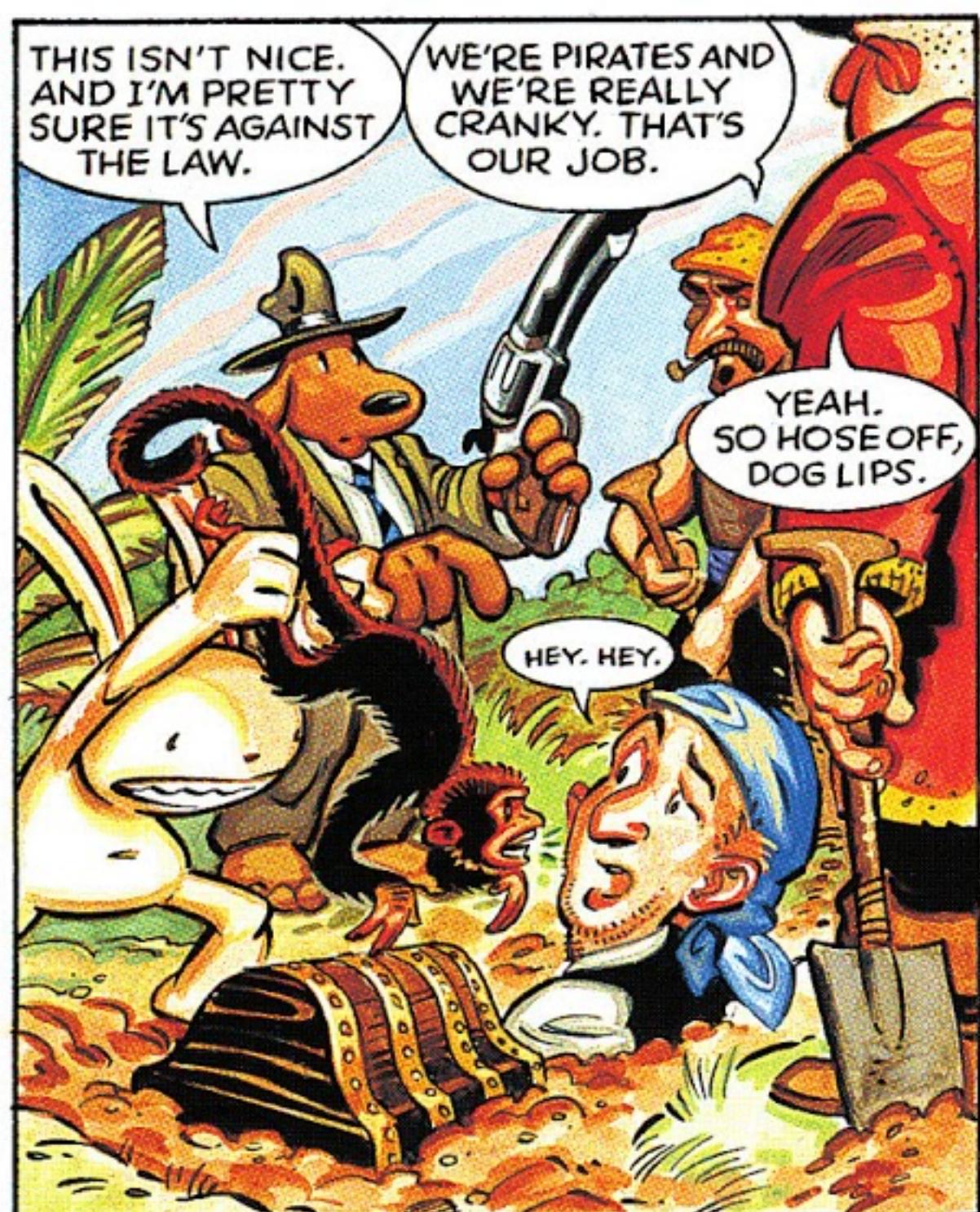
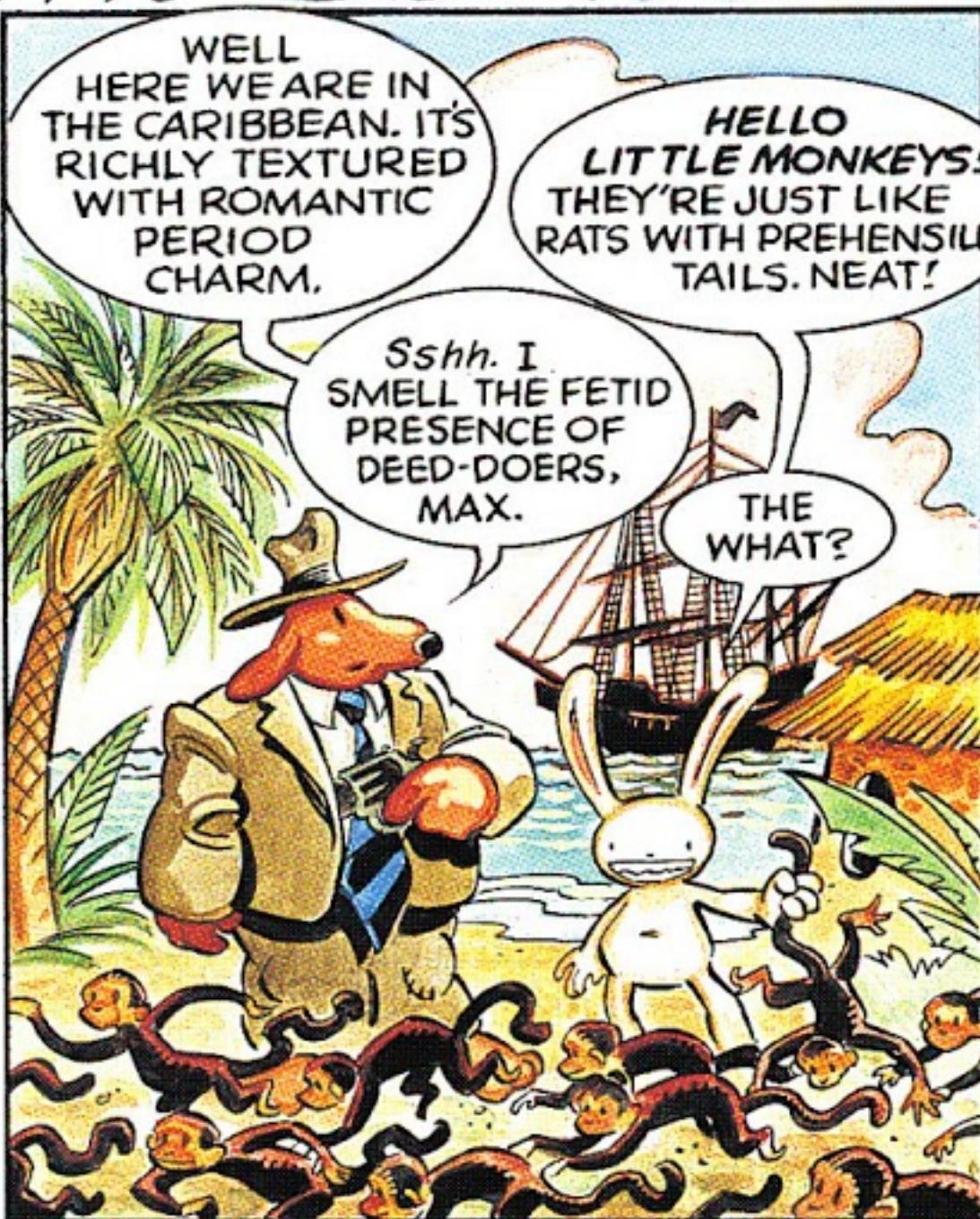
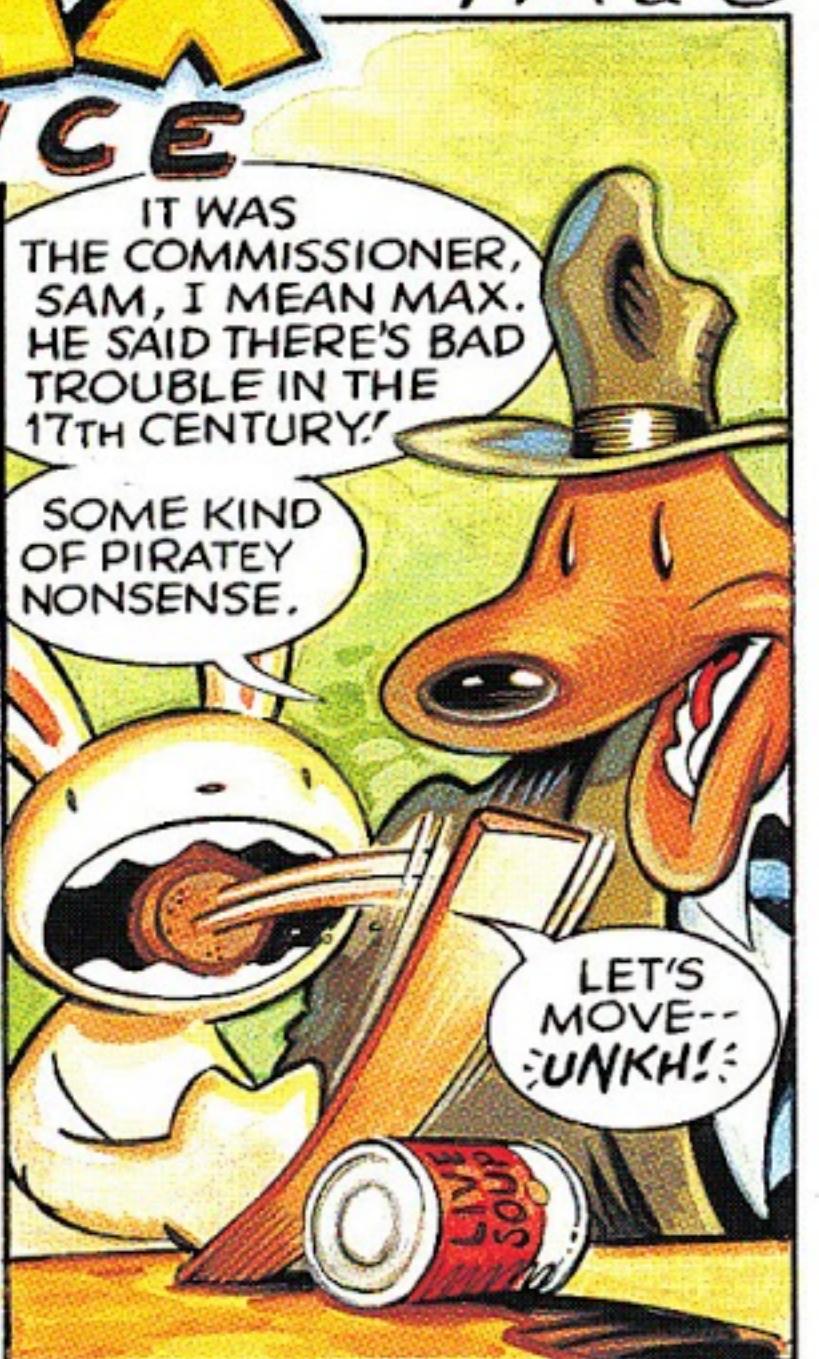
END



SAM & MAX

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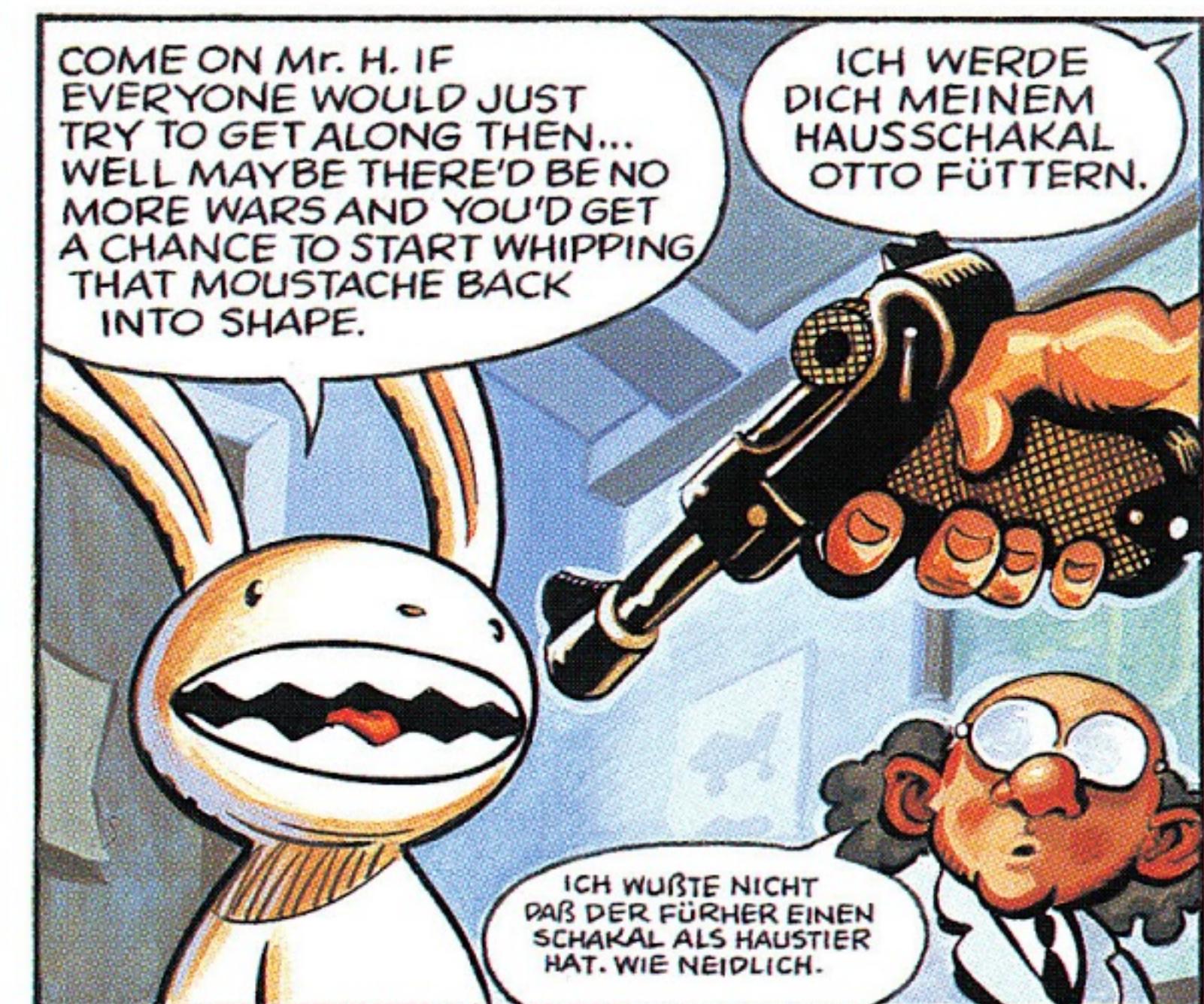
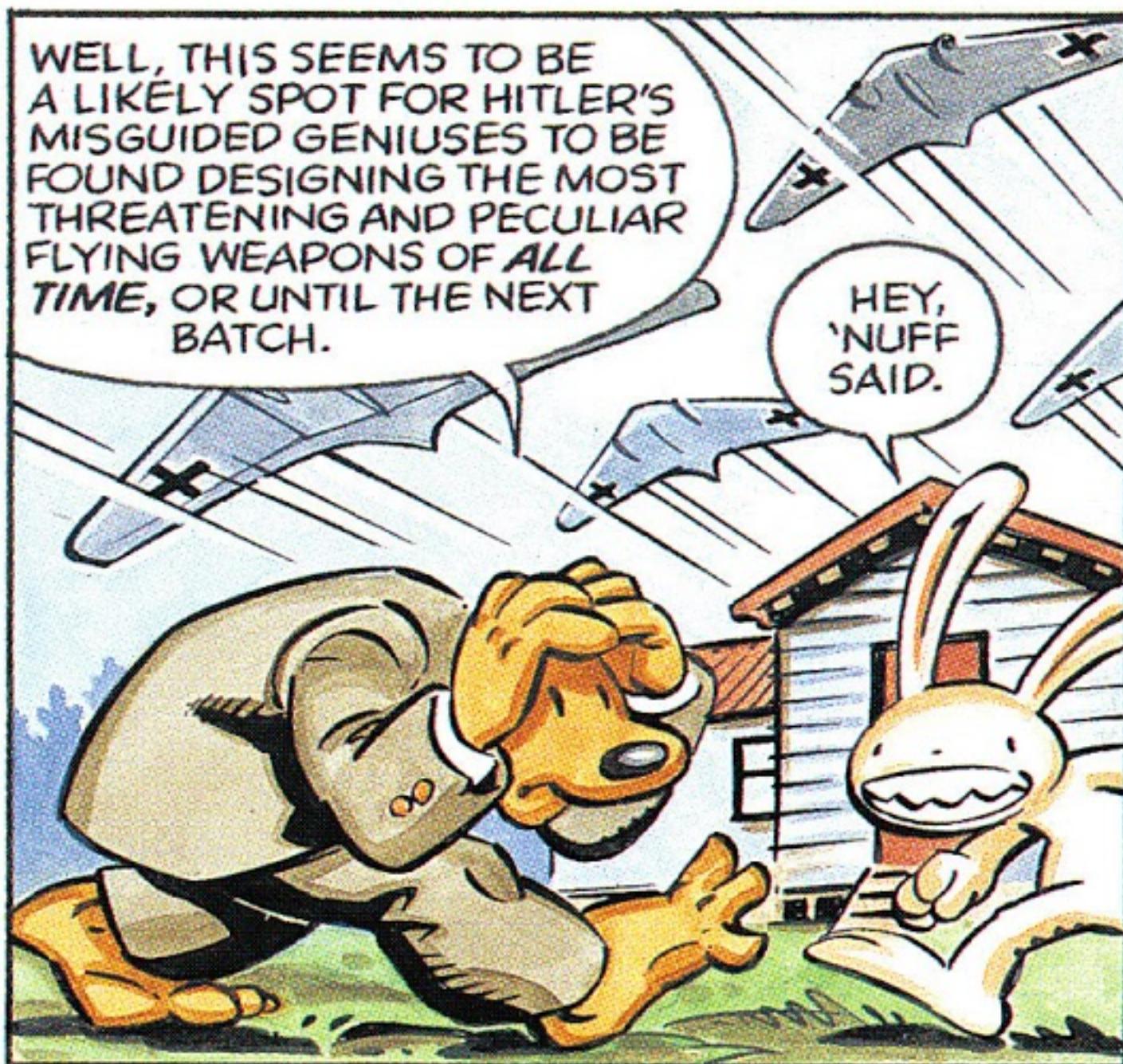
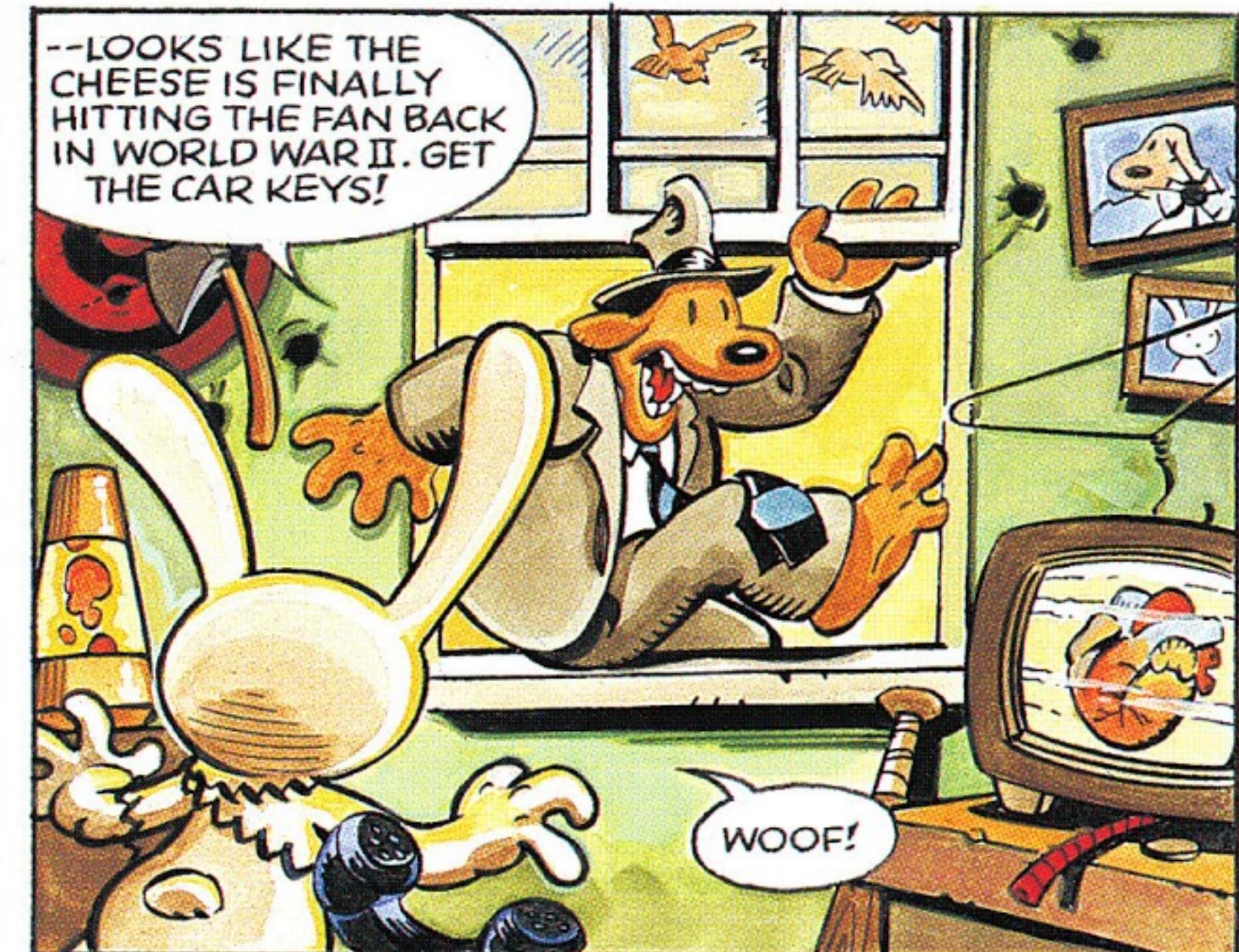
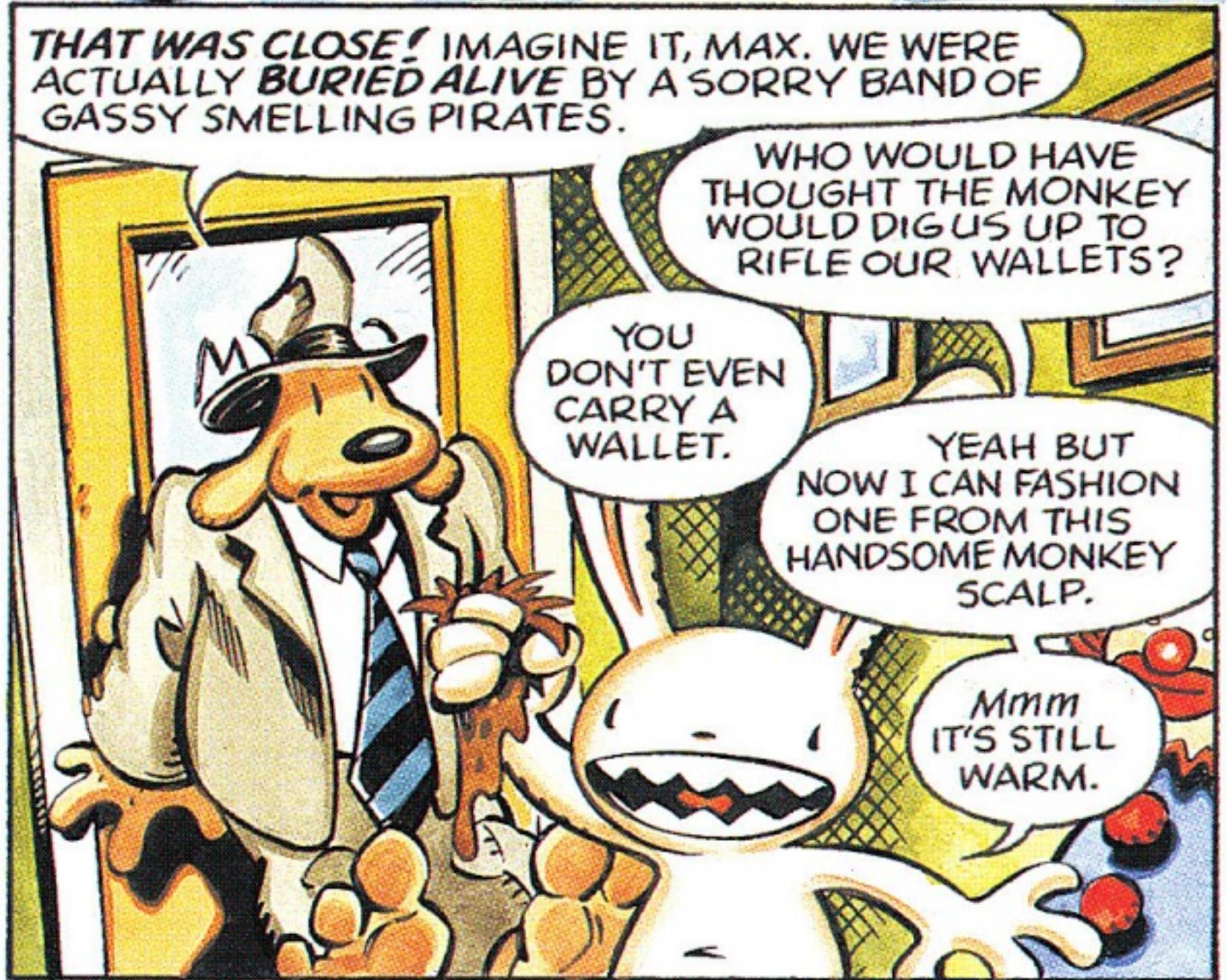
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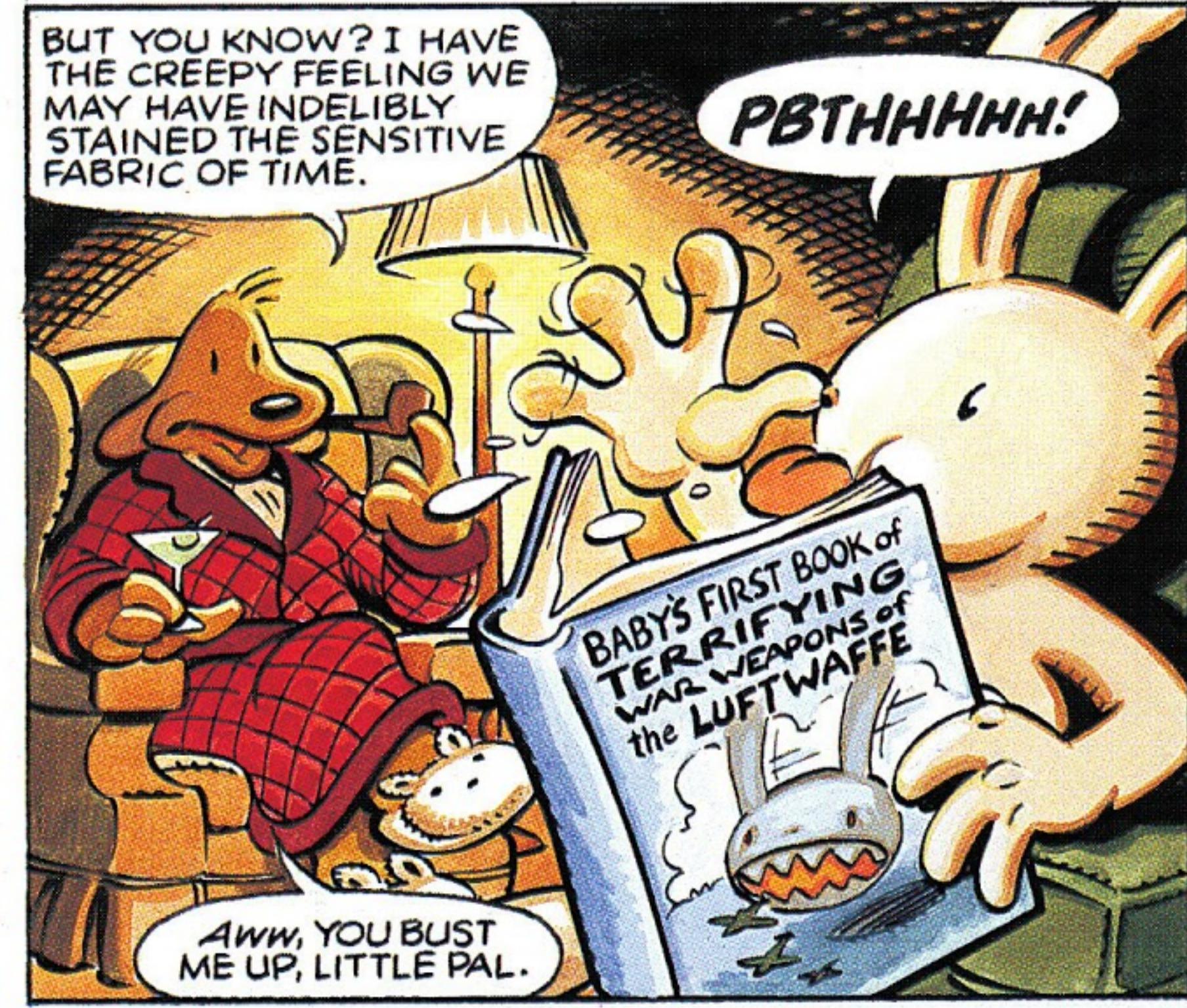
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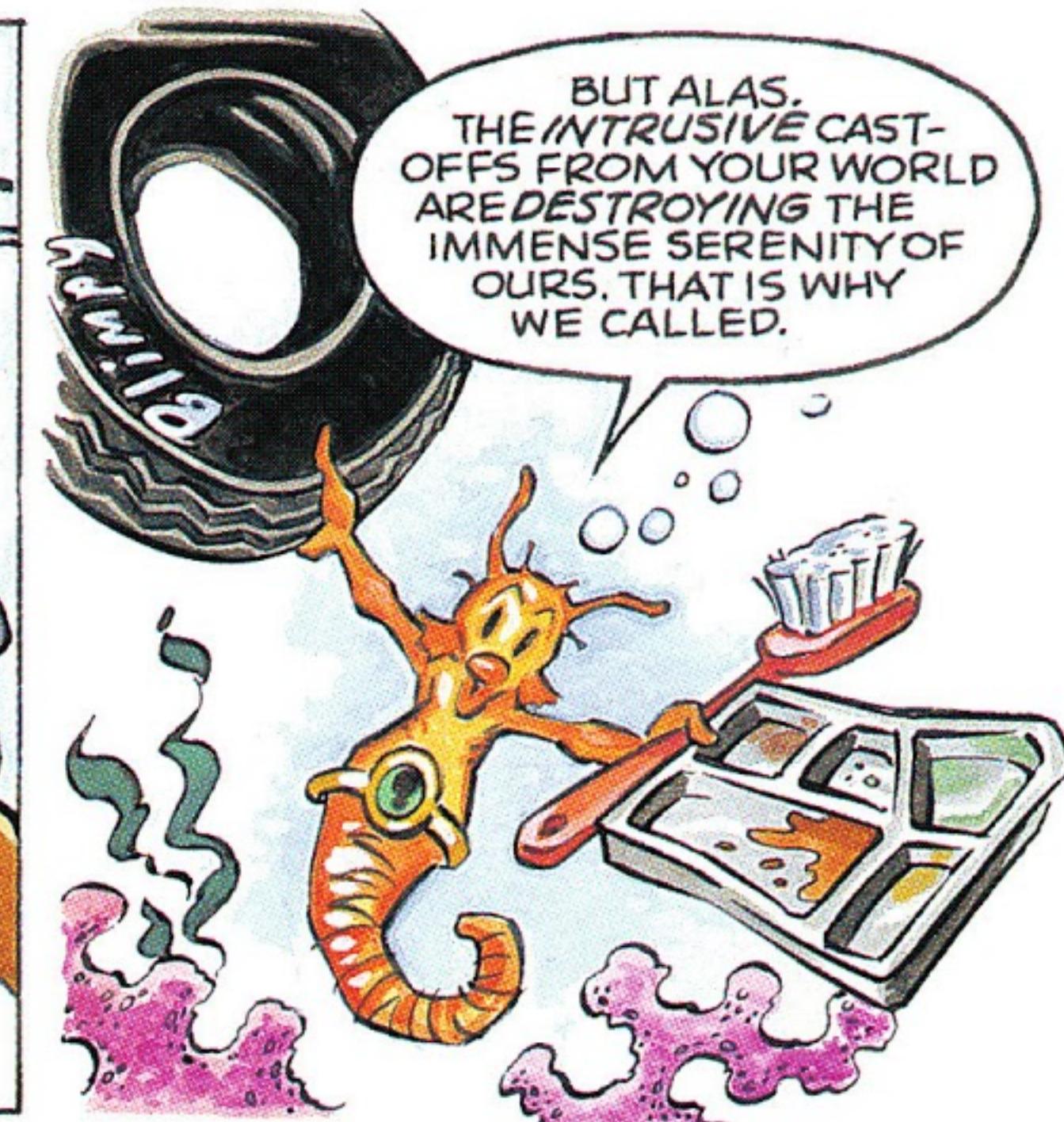
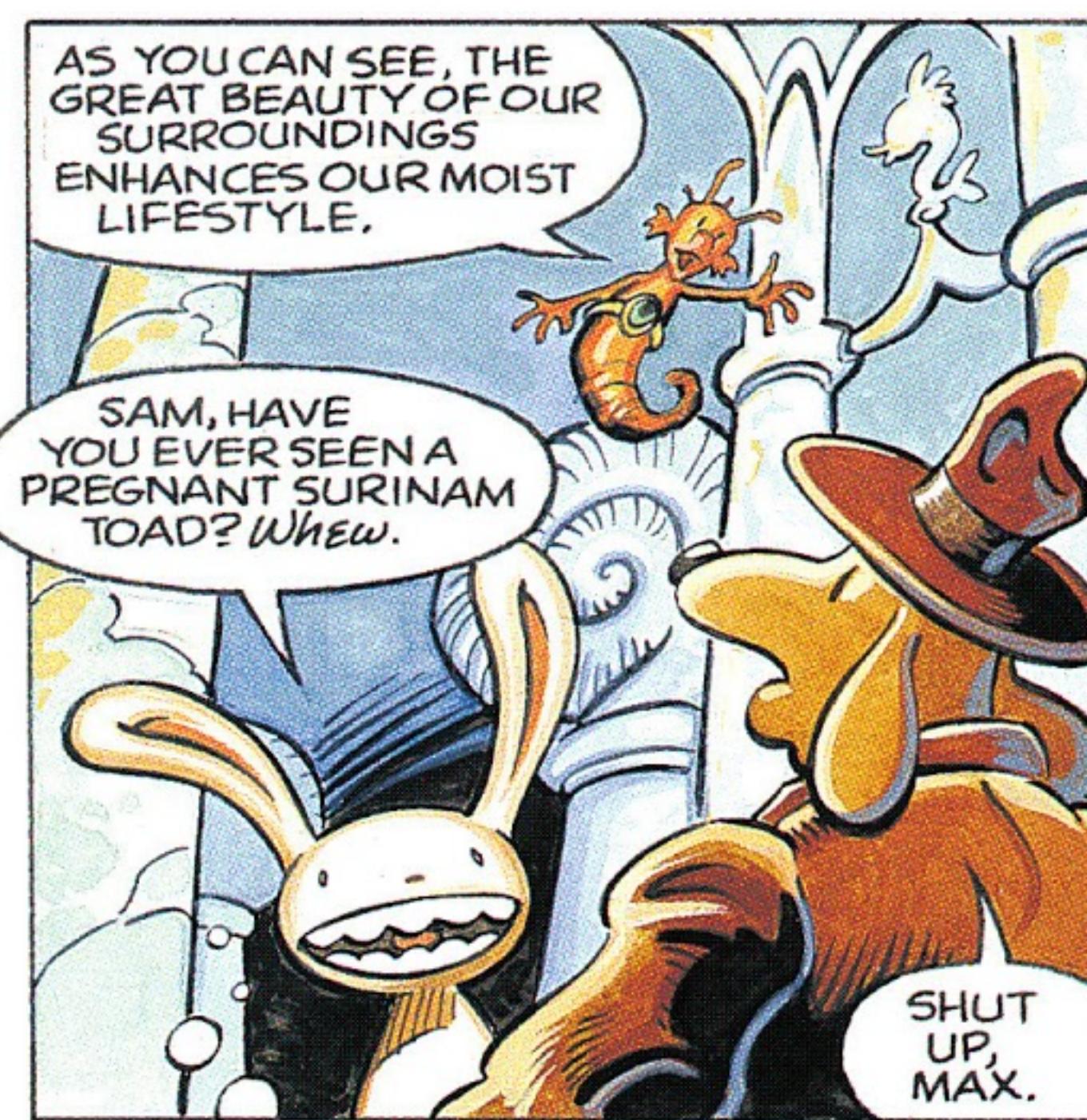
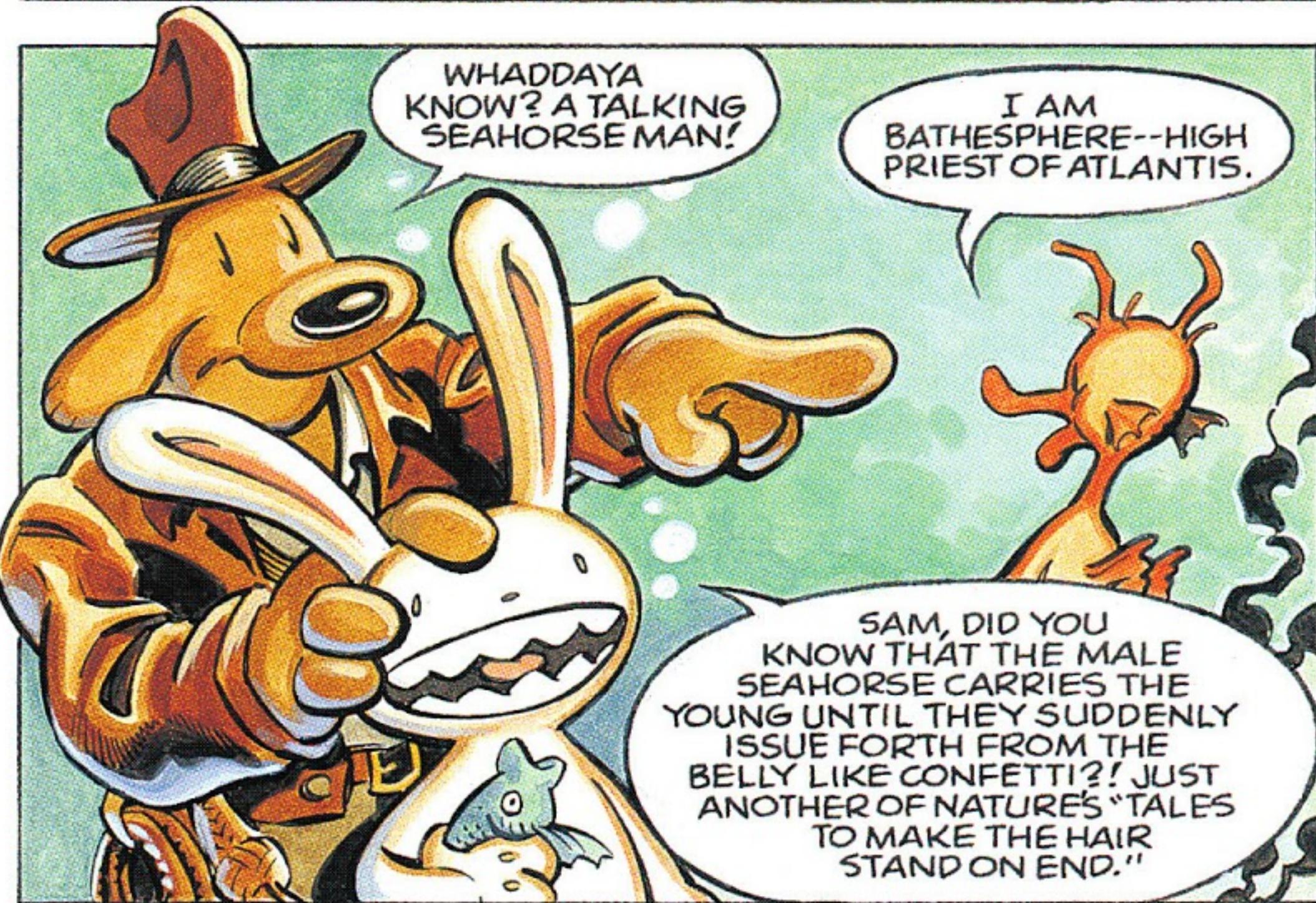
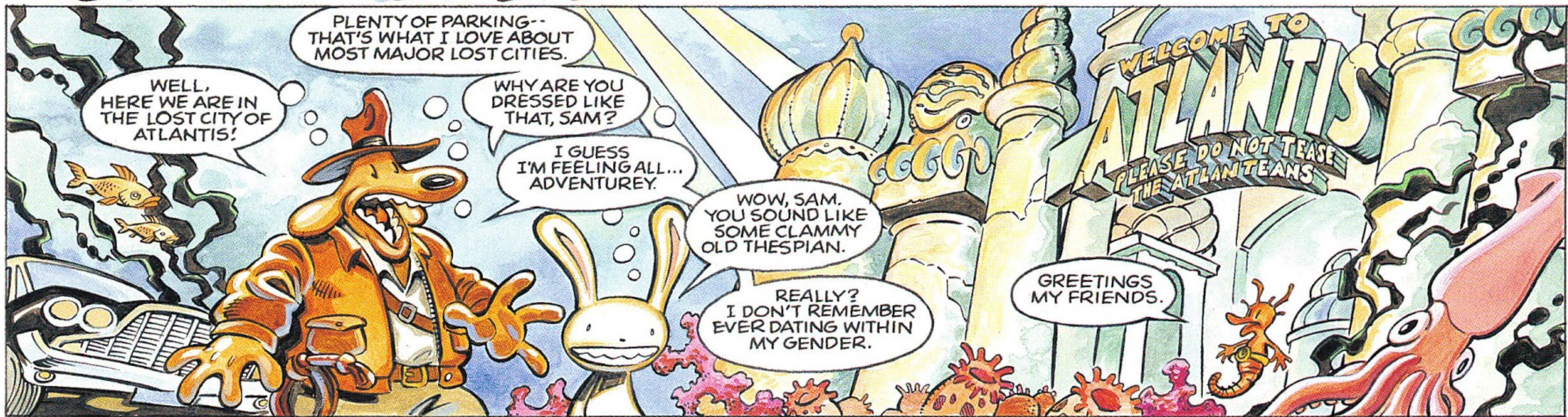


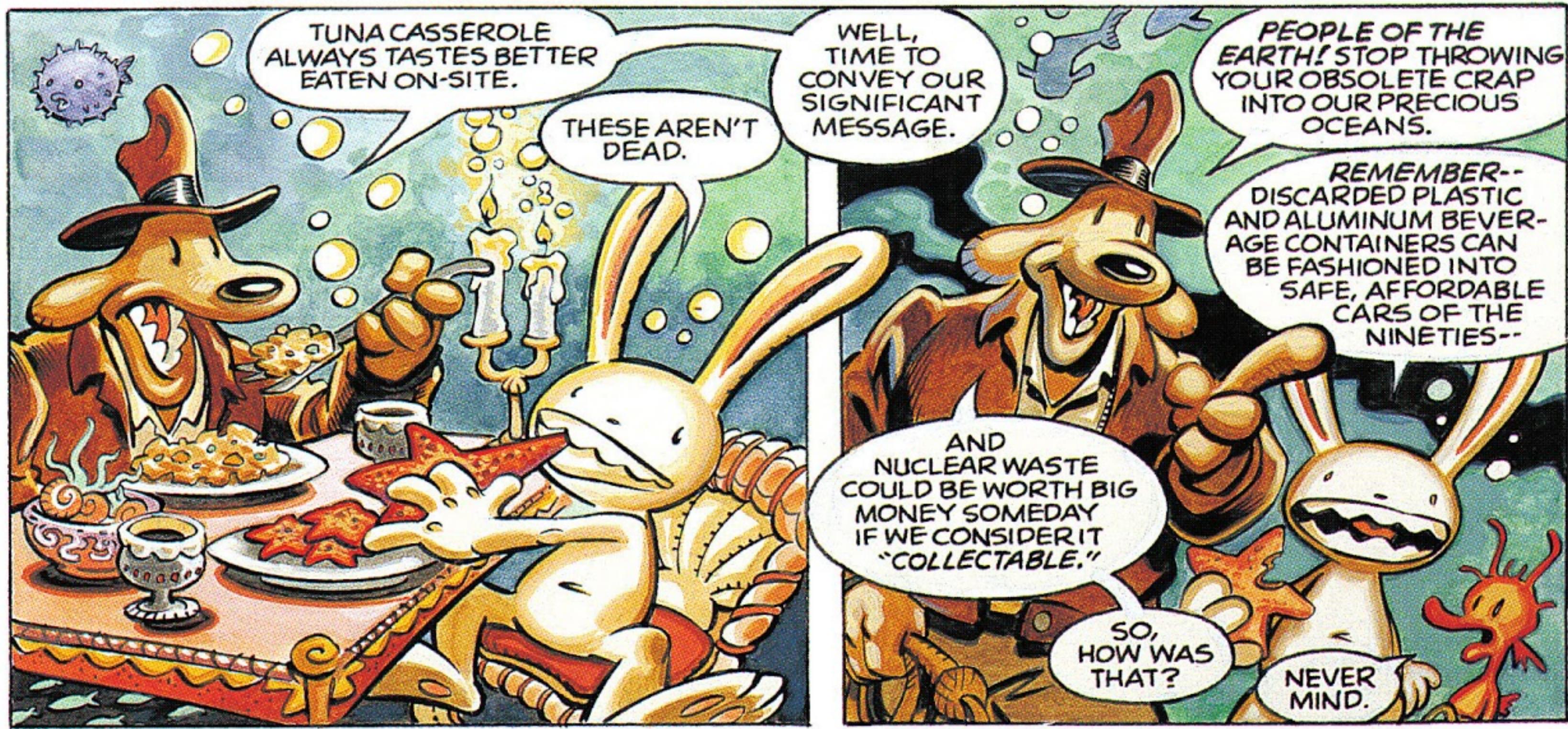
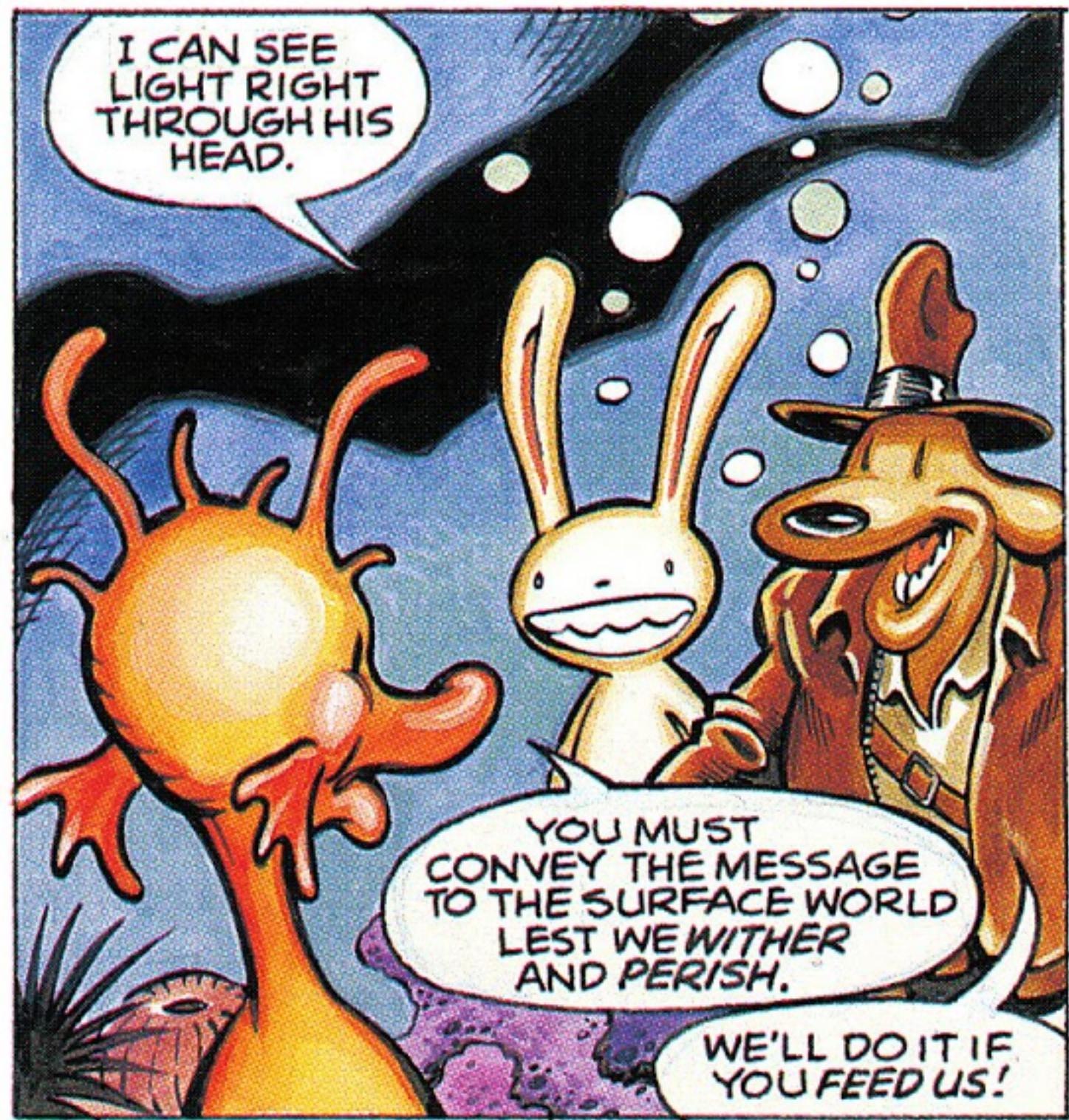


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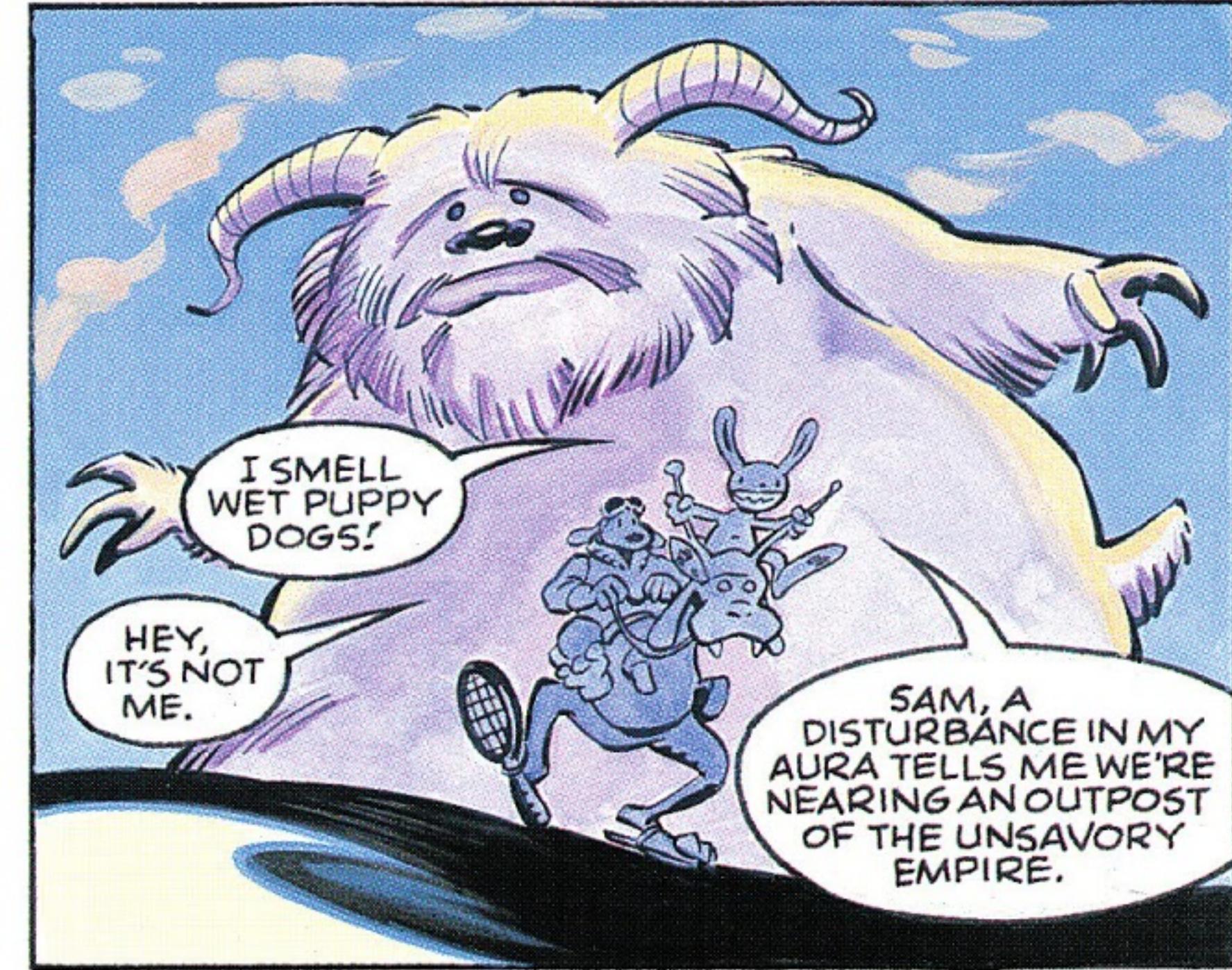
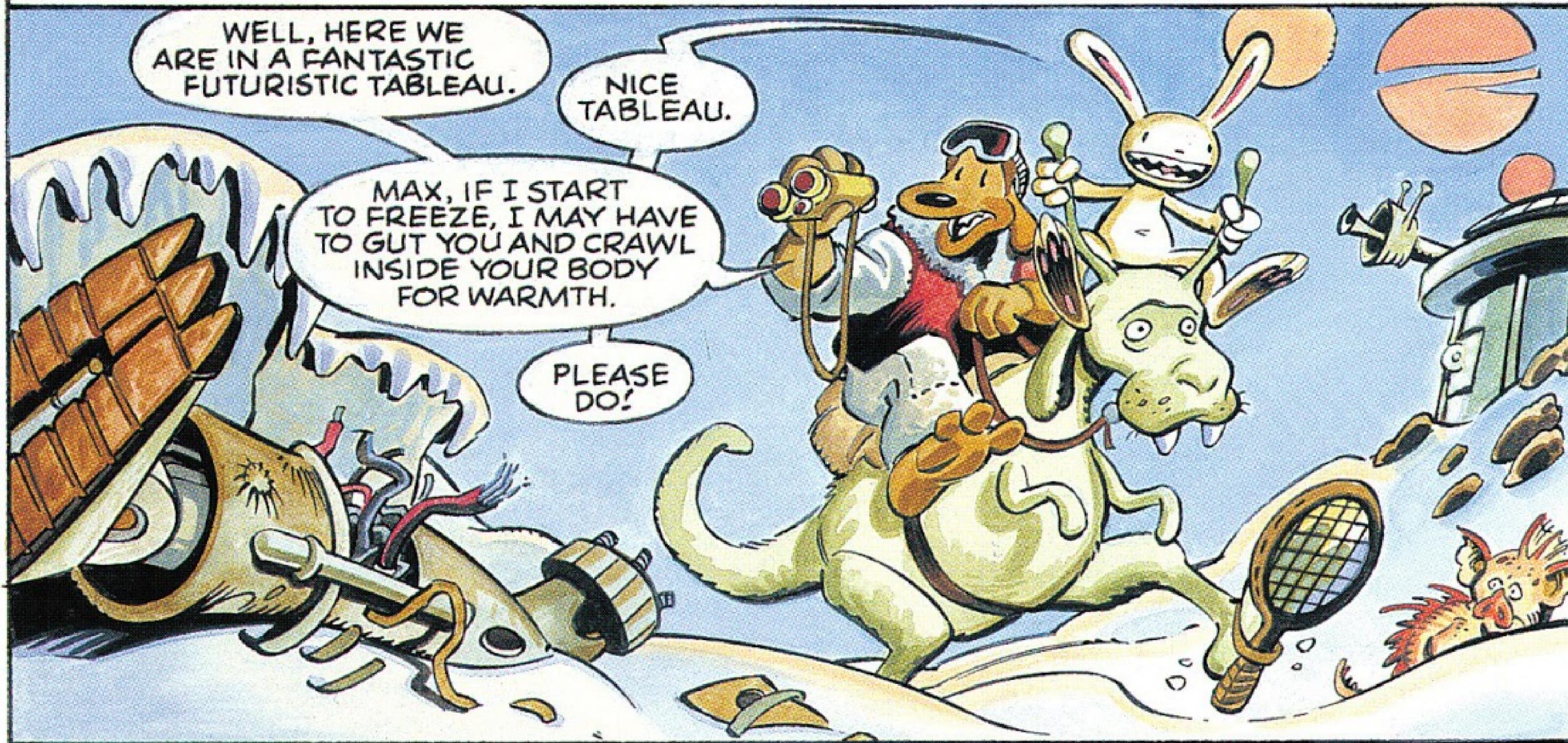


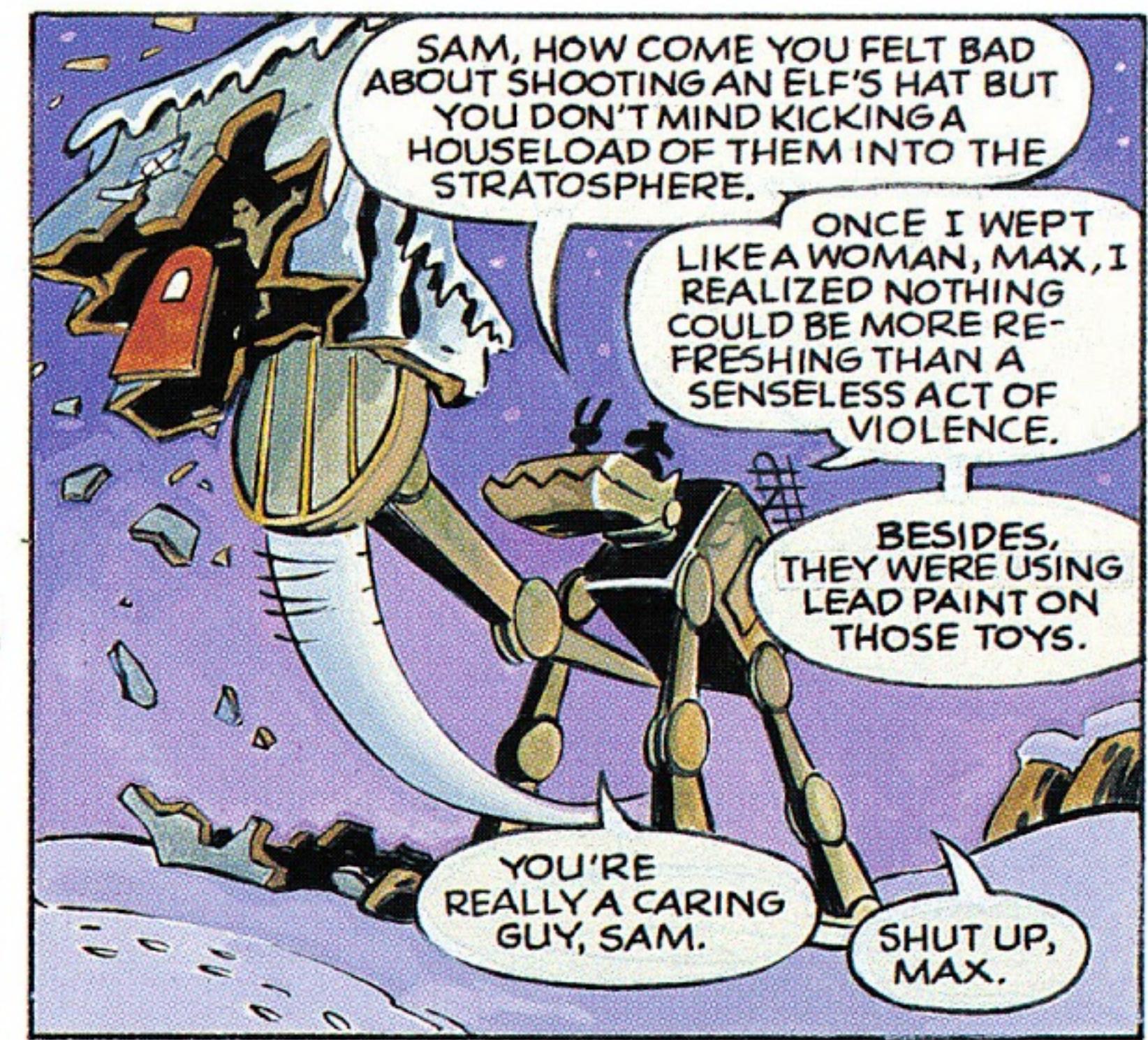
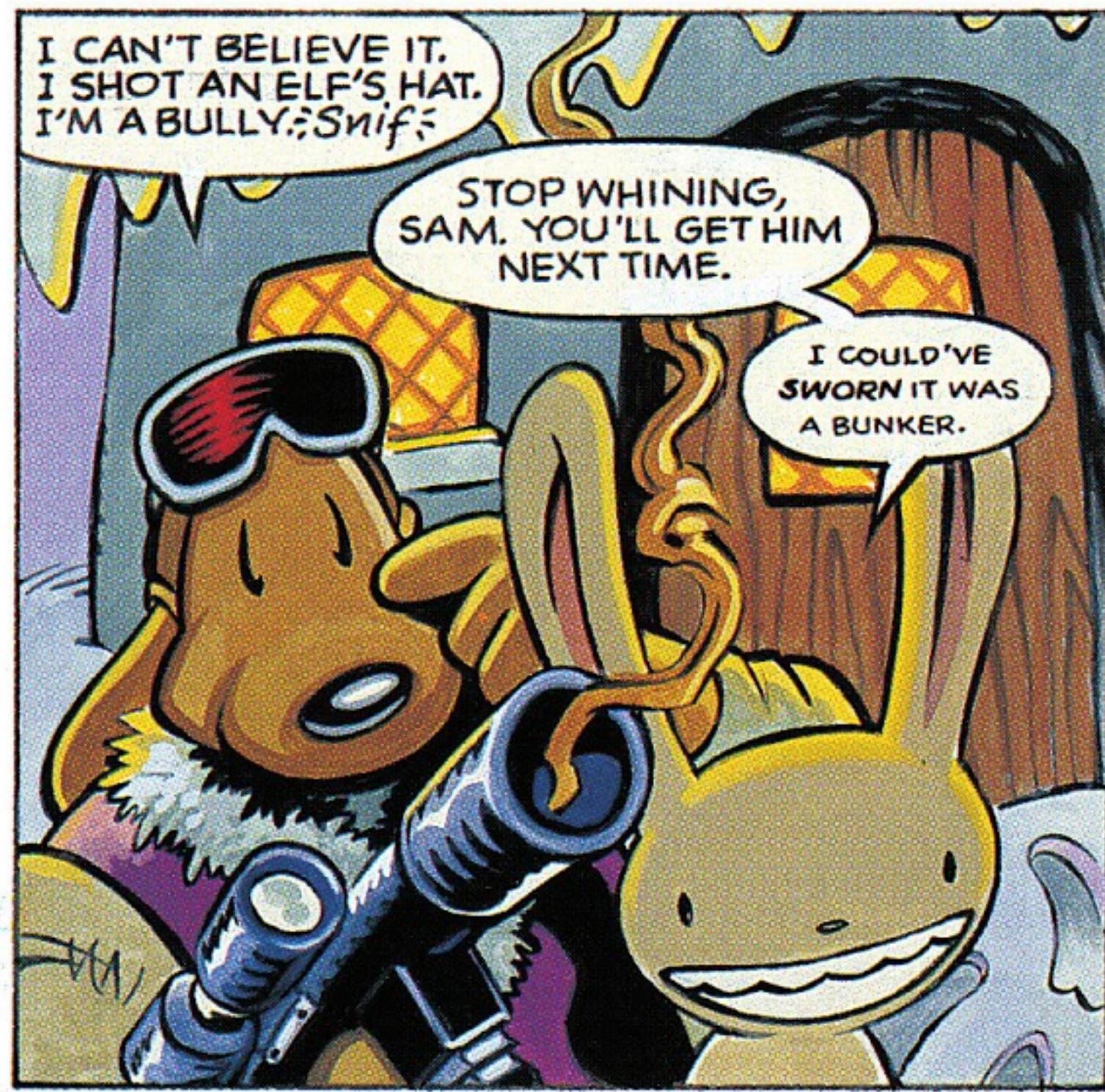
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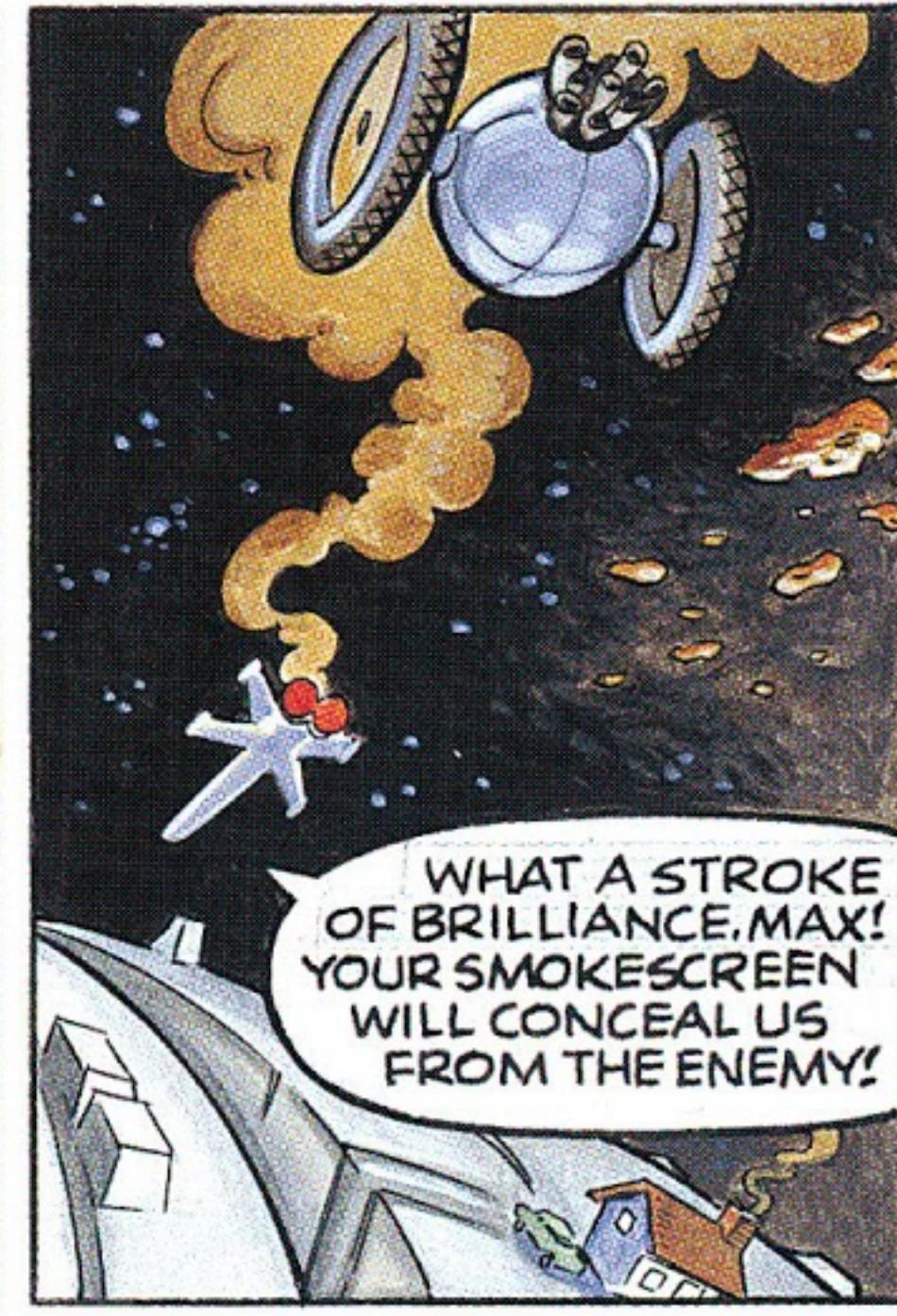
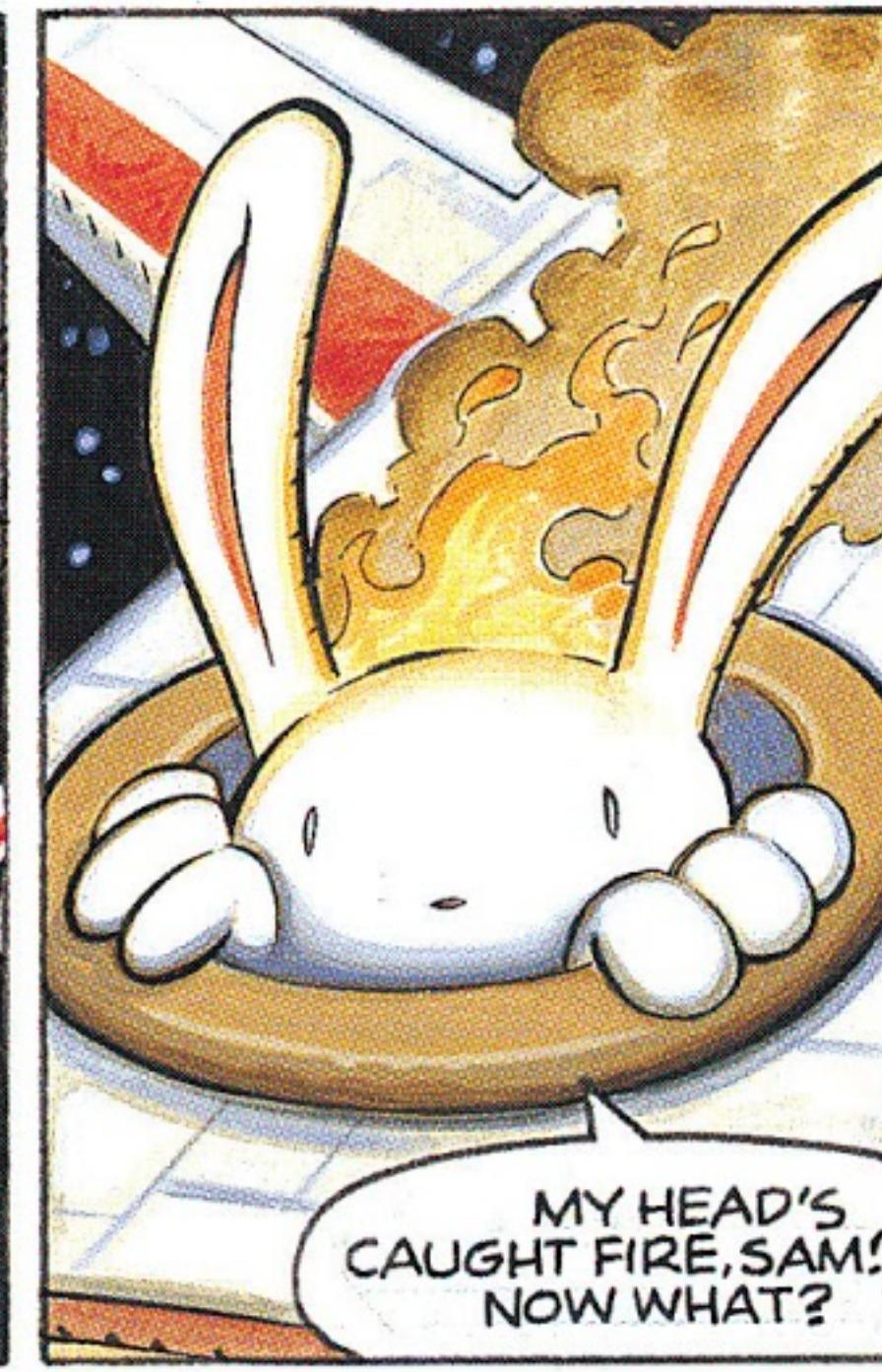
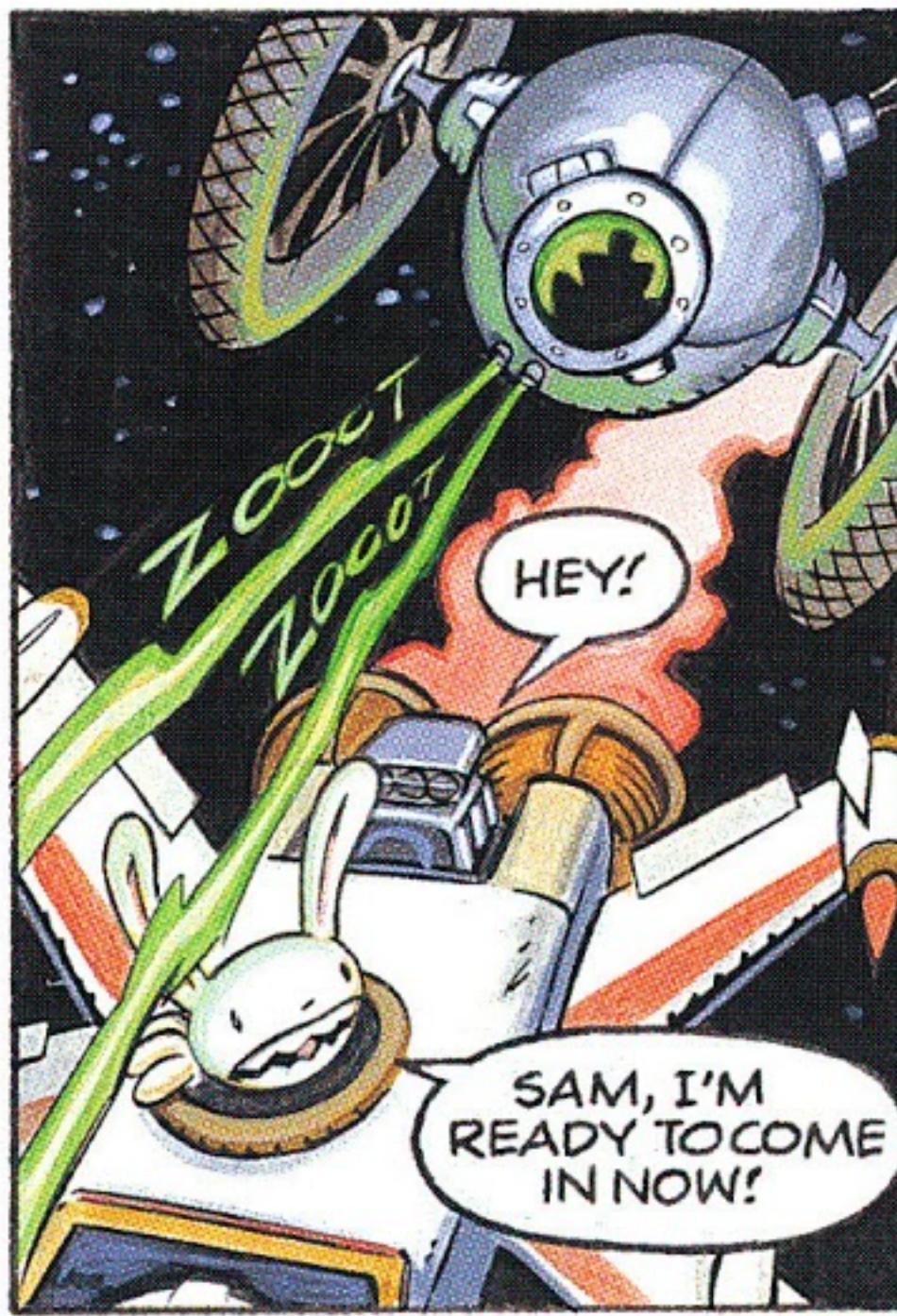
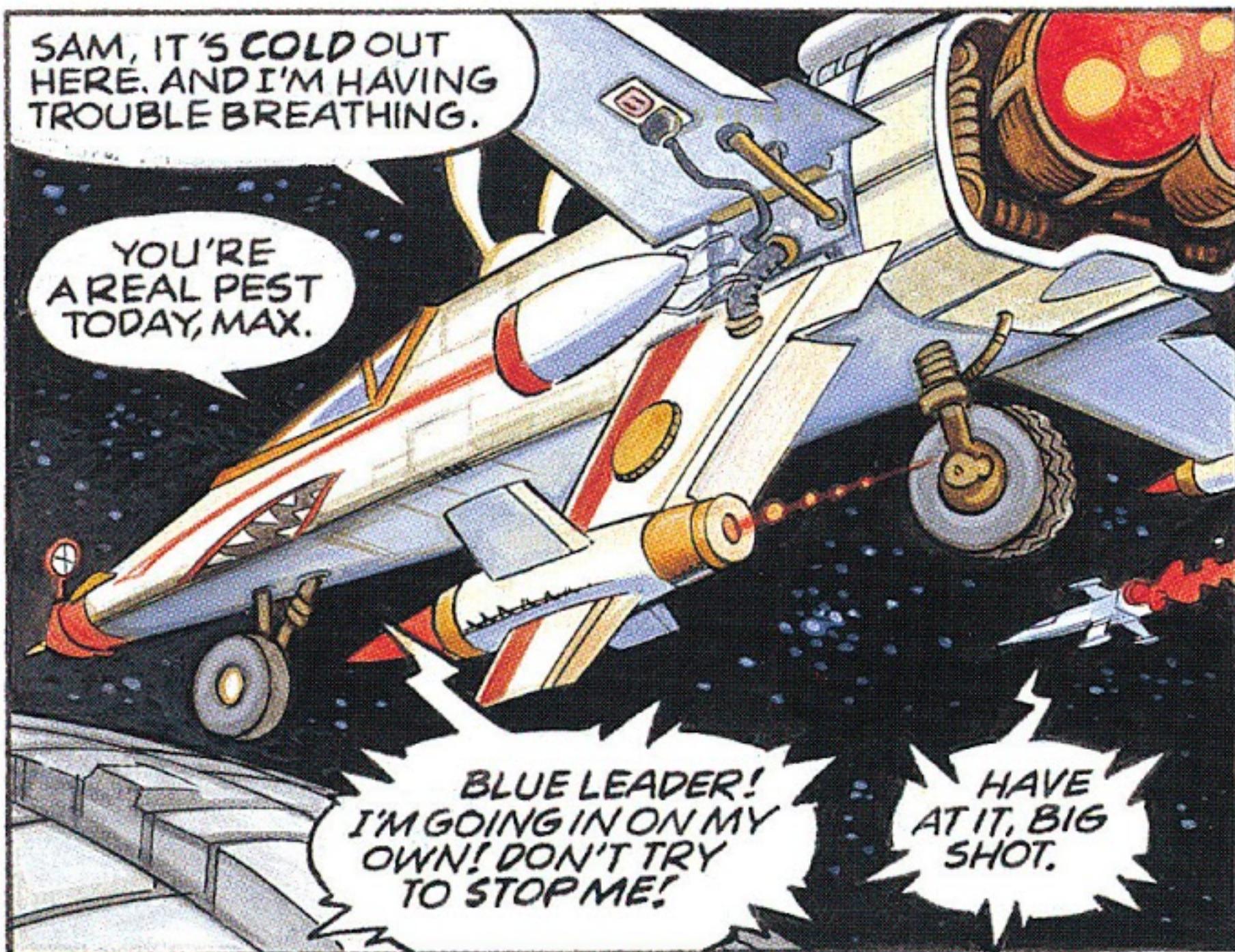
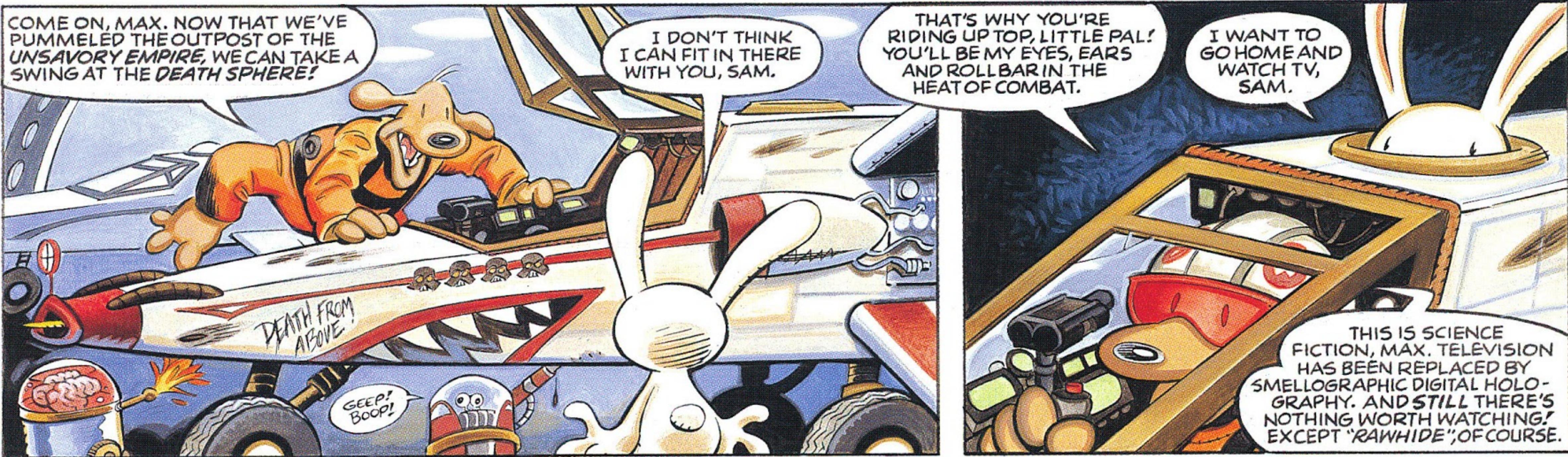
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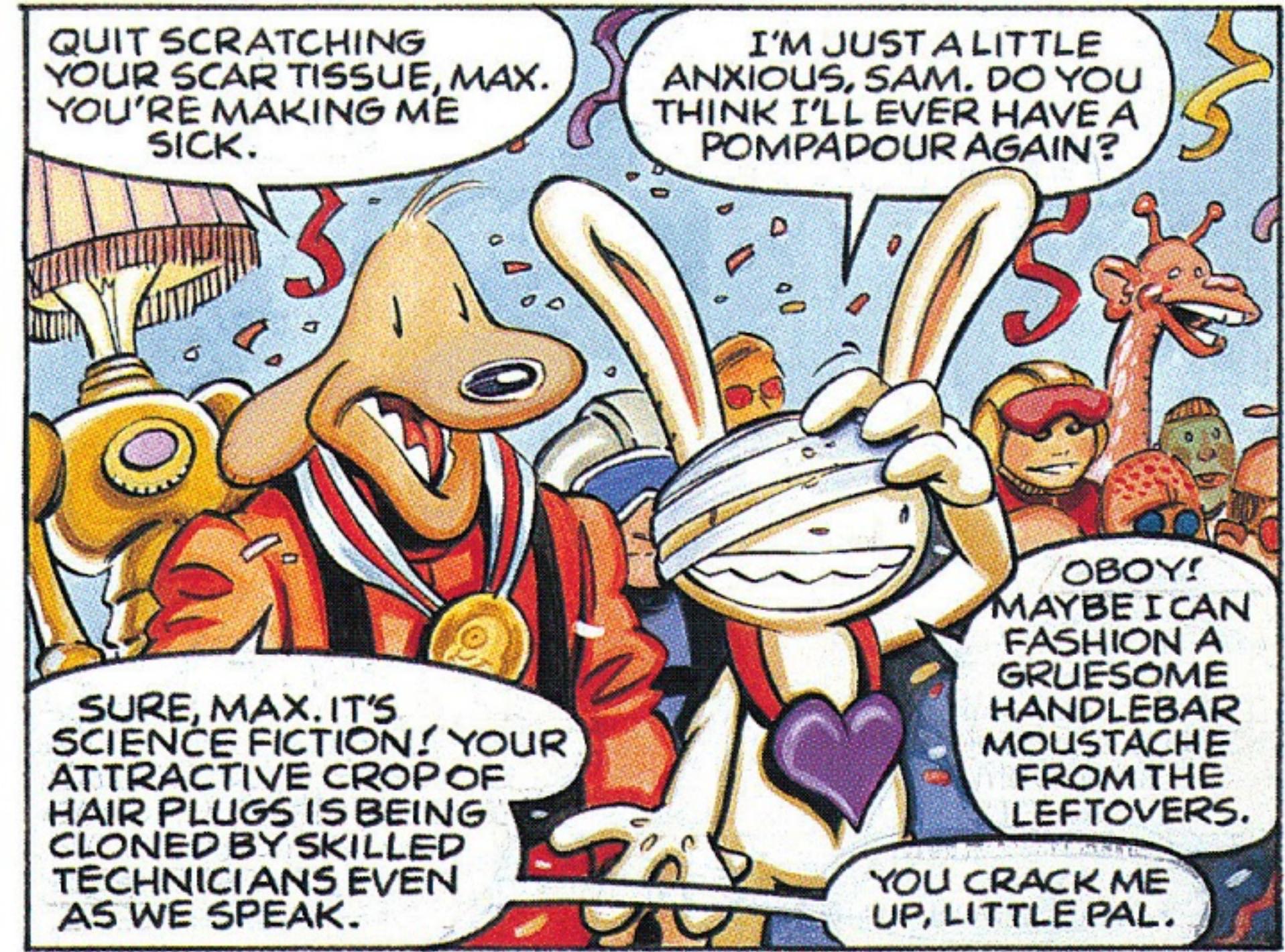
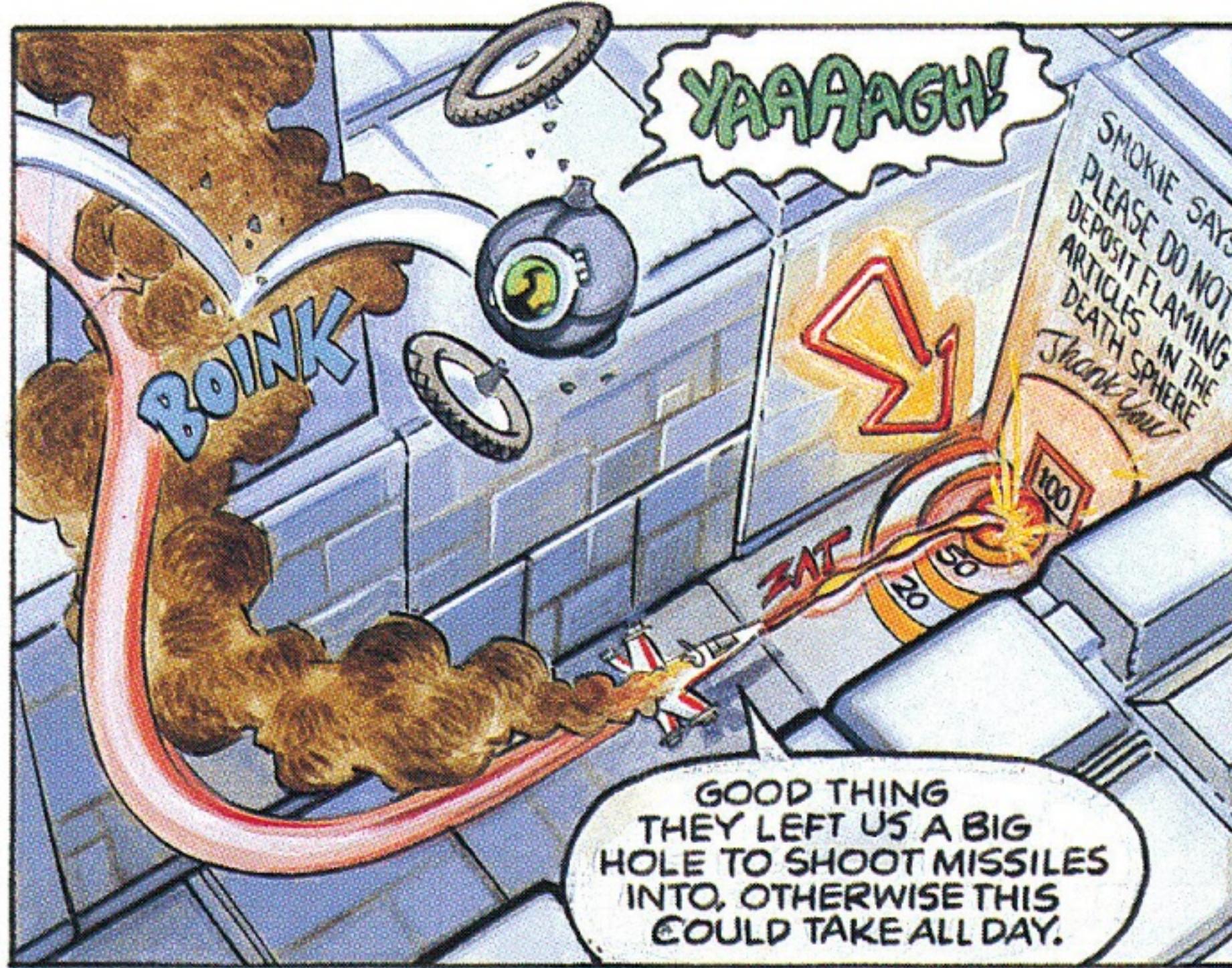
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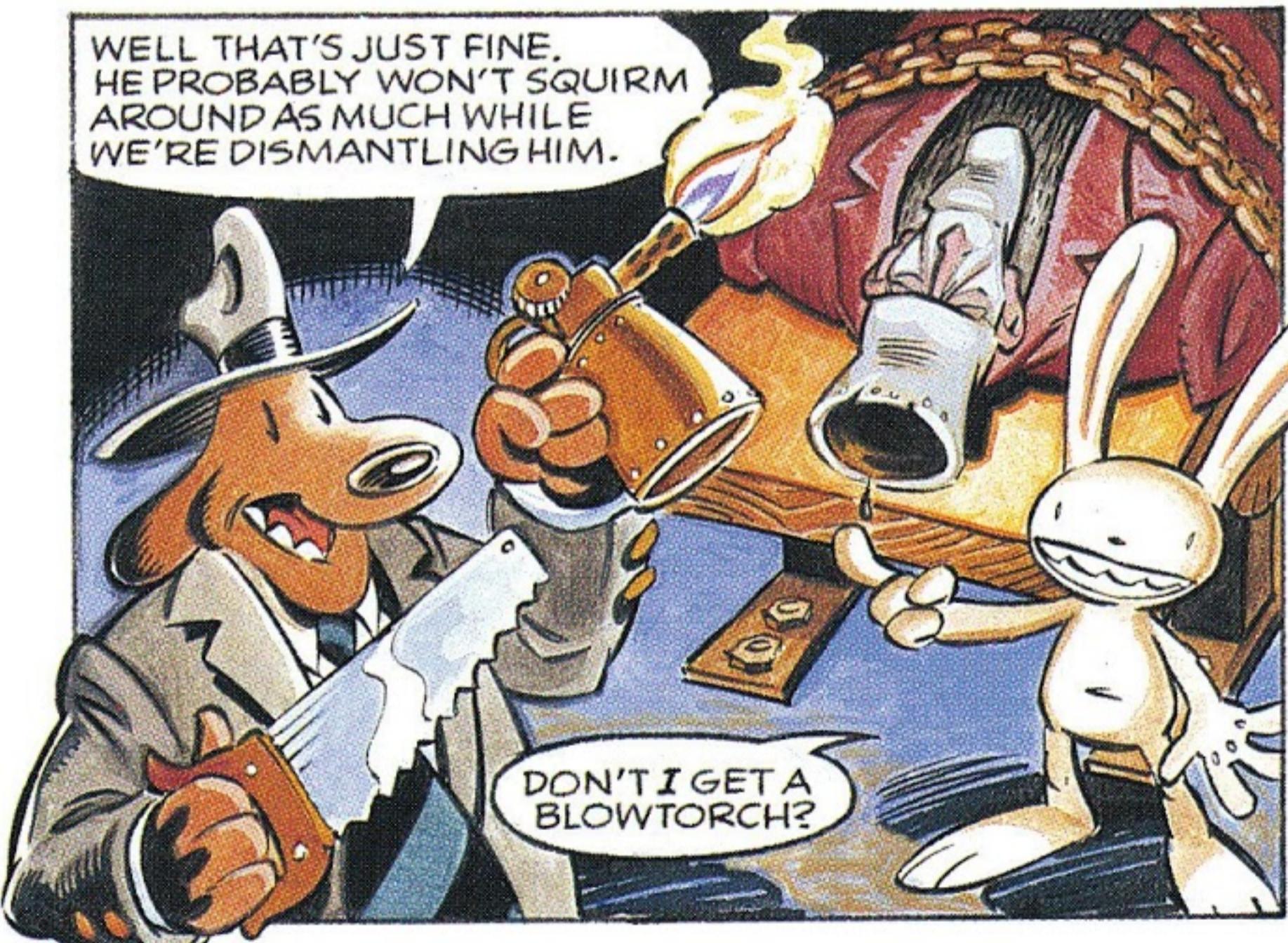
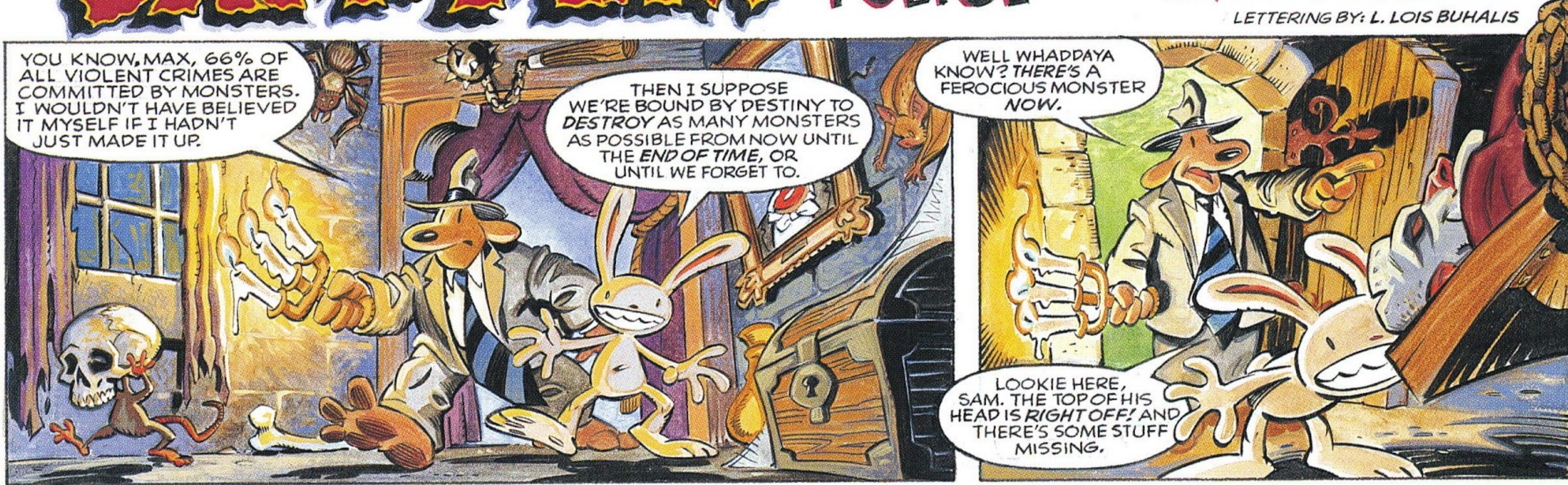


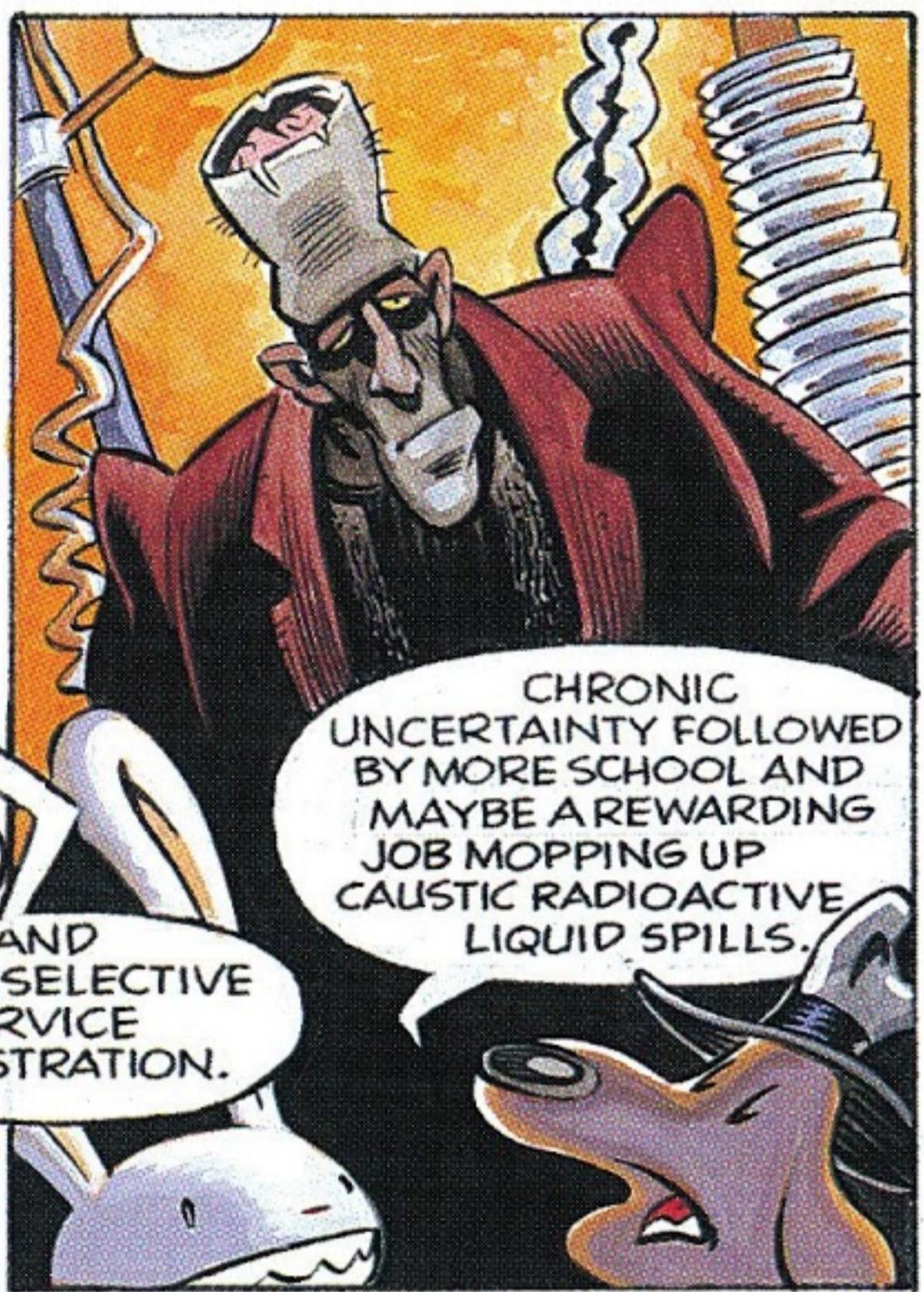
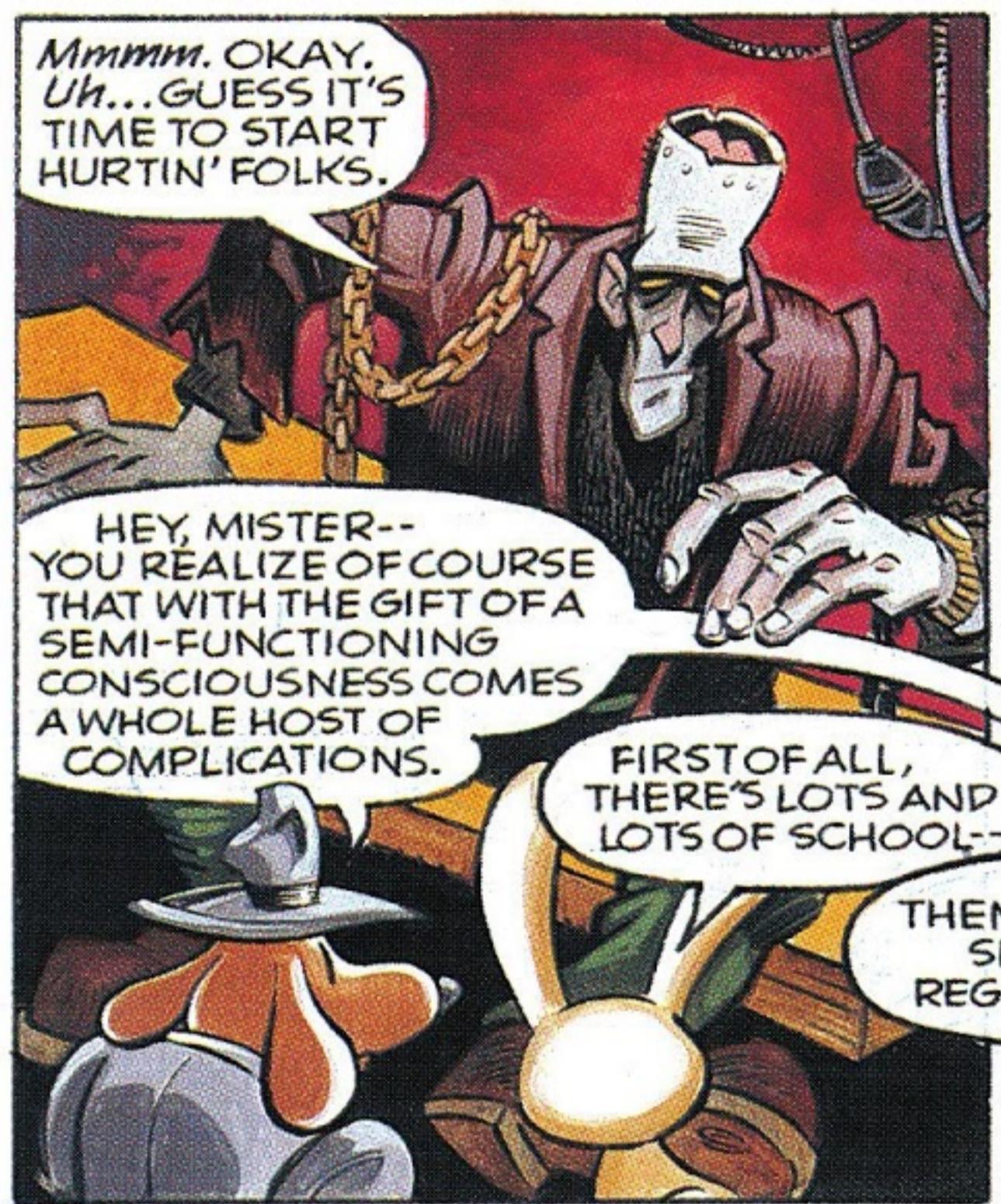
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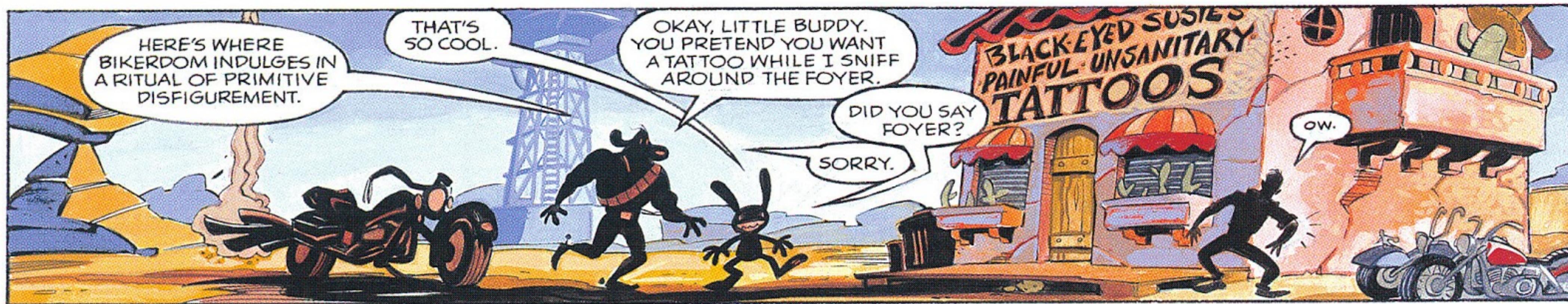
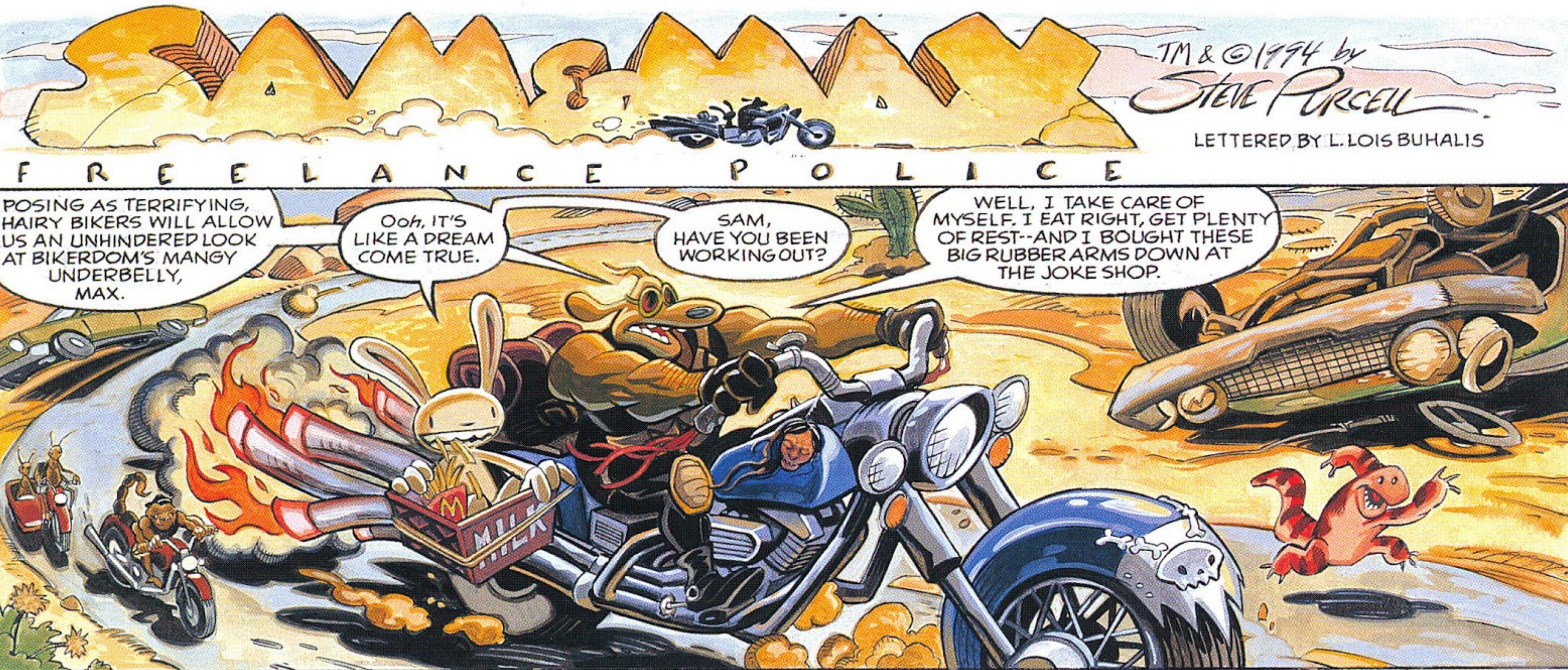
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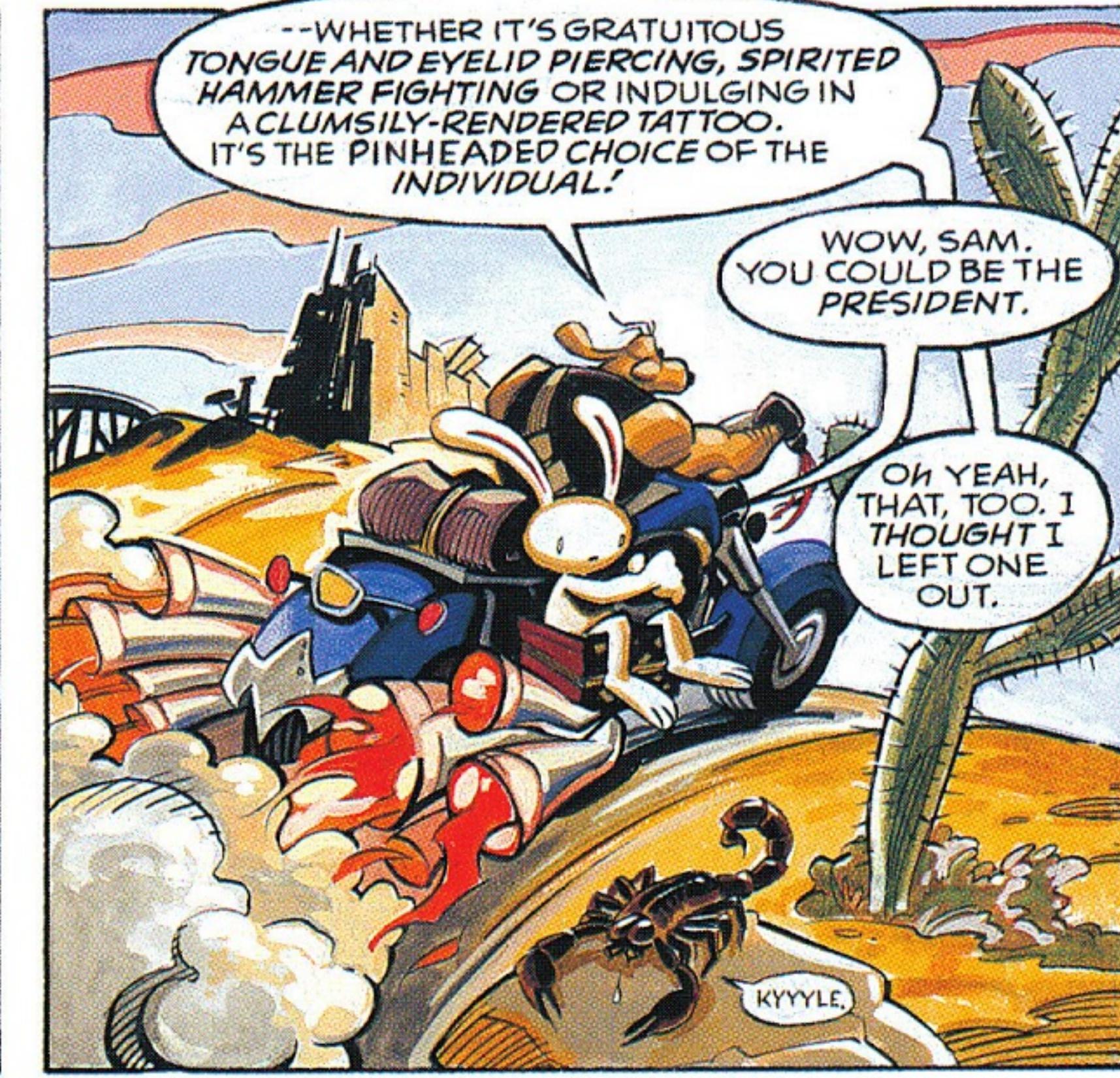
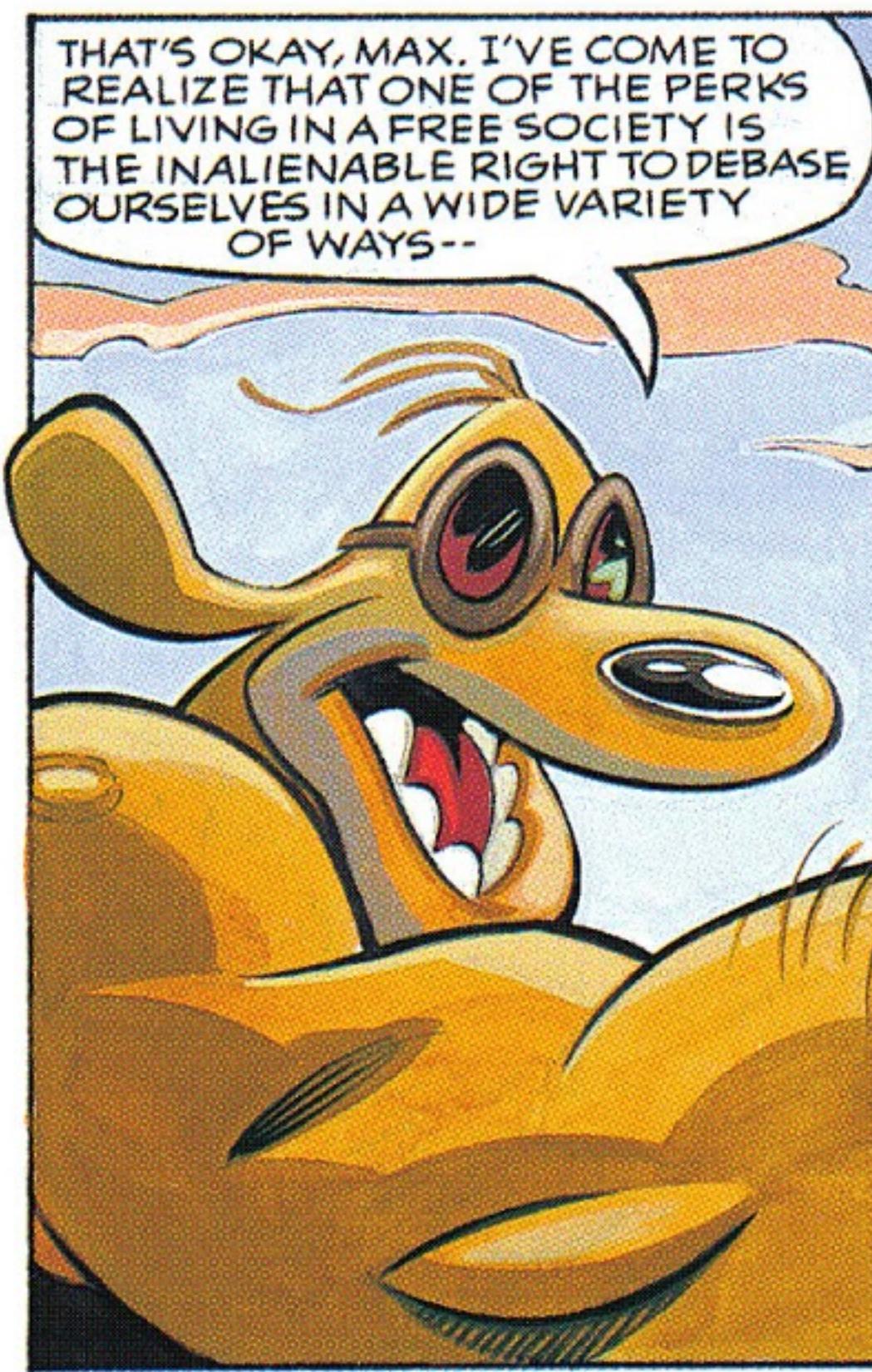
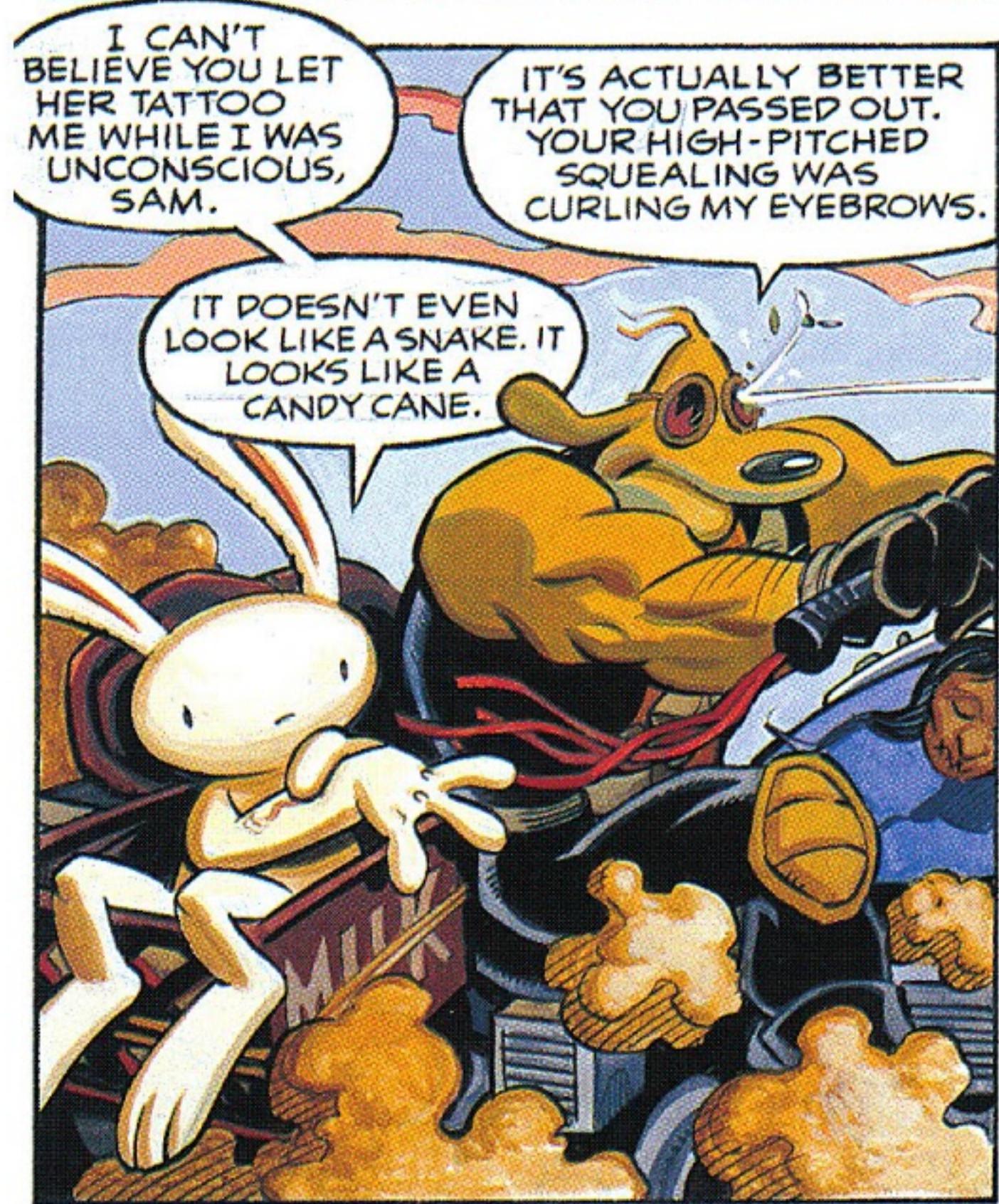




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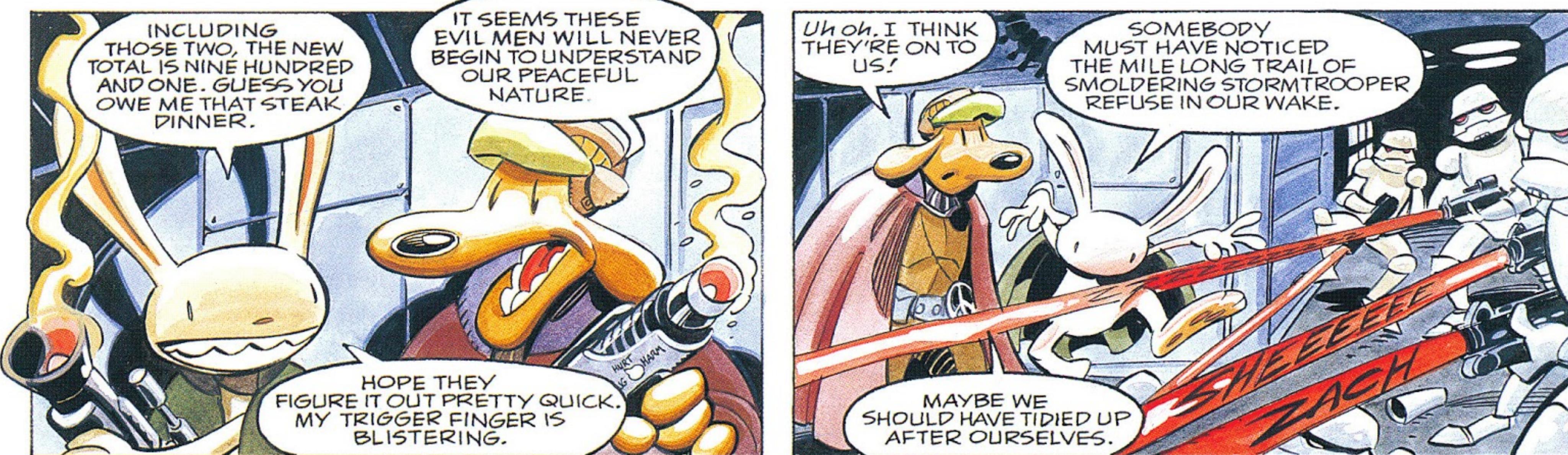
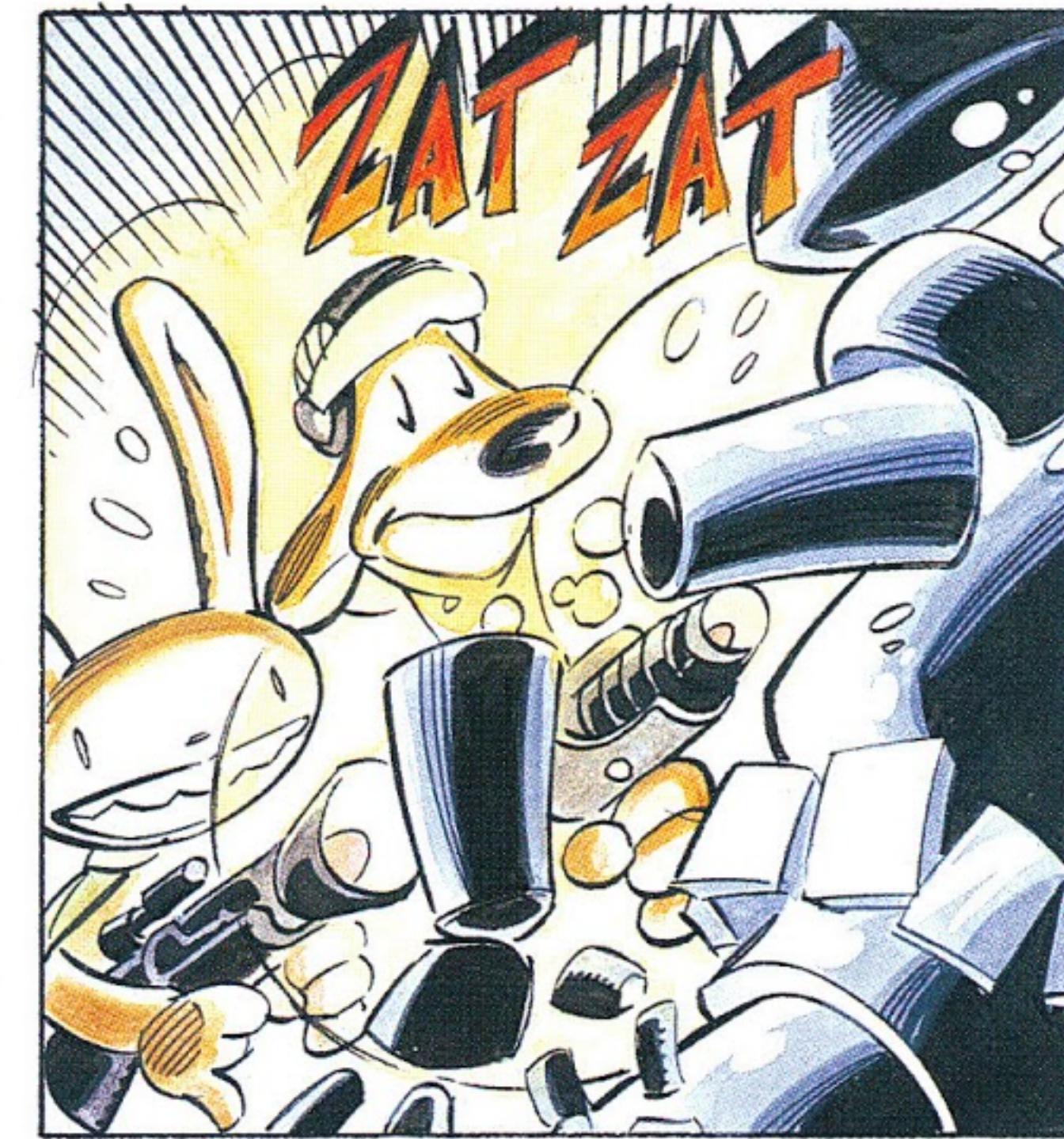
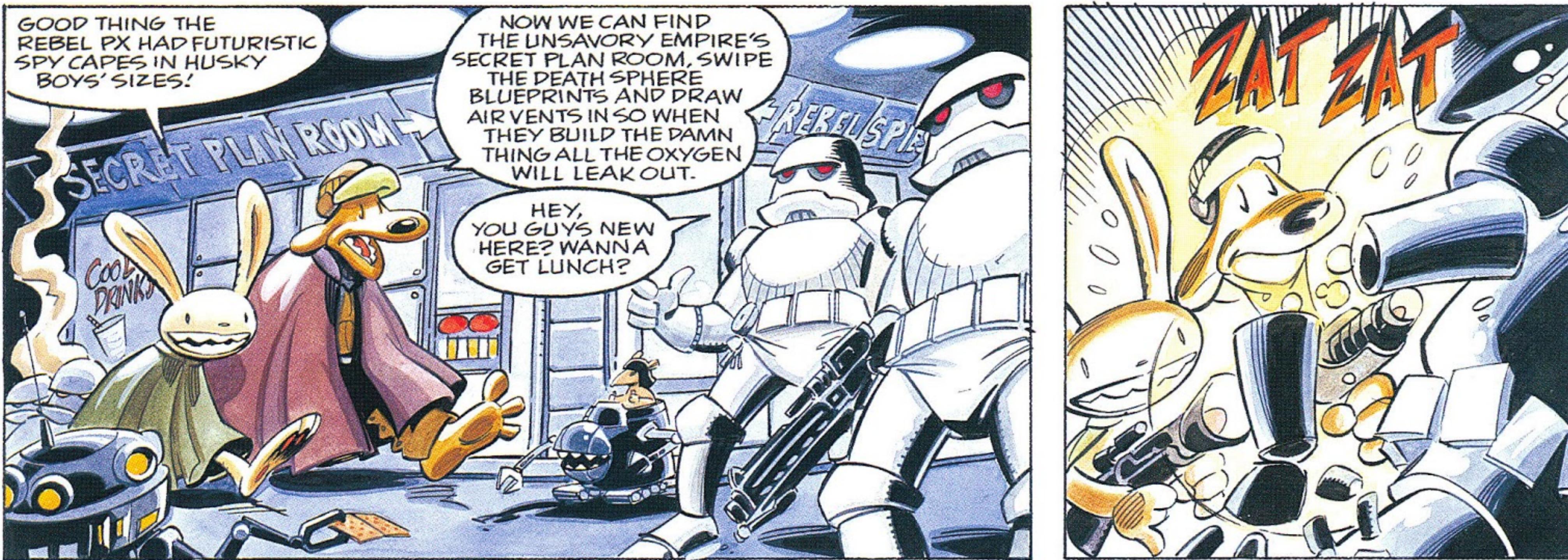


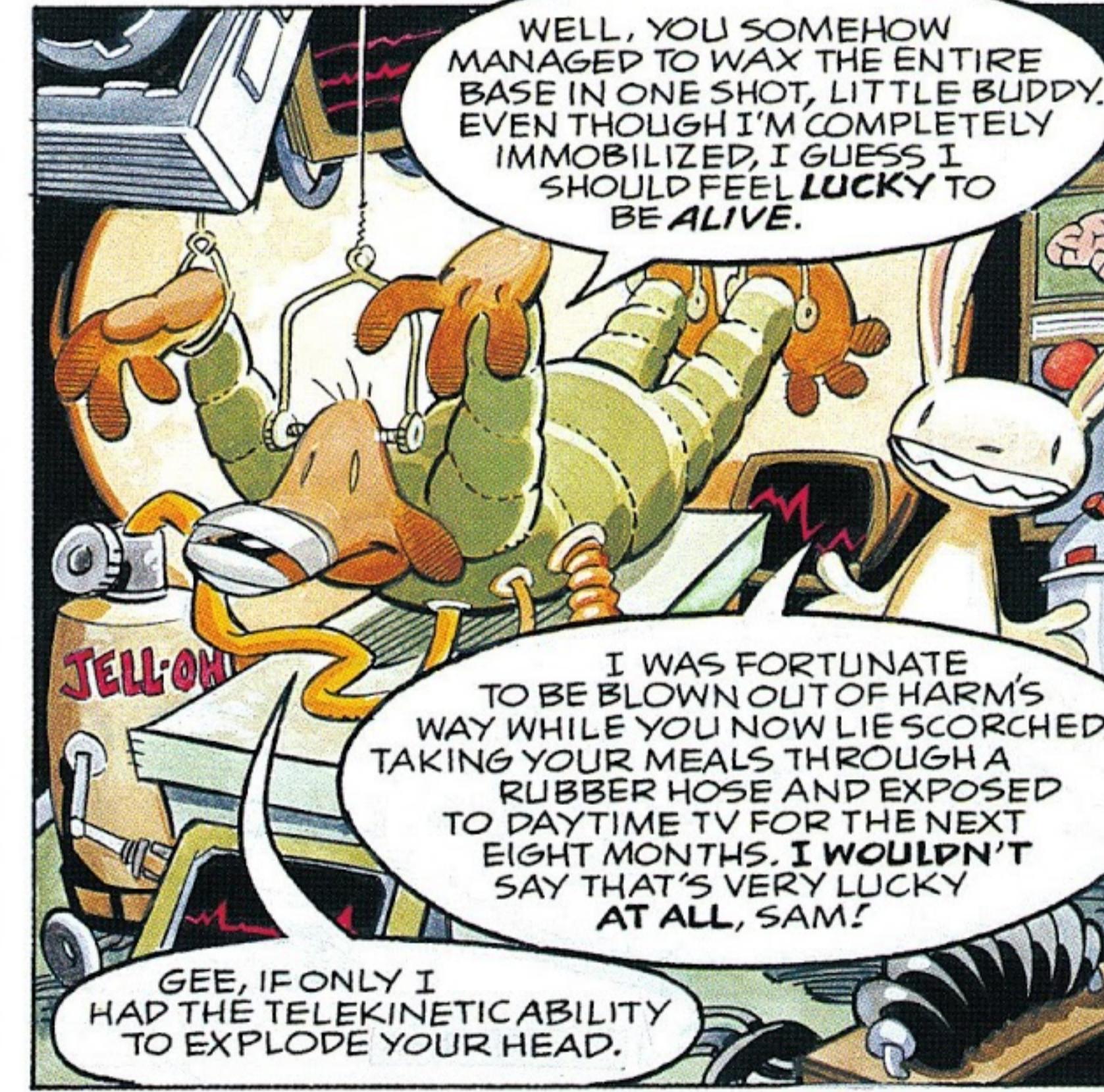
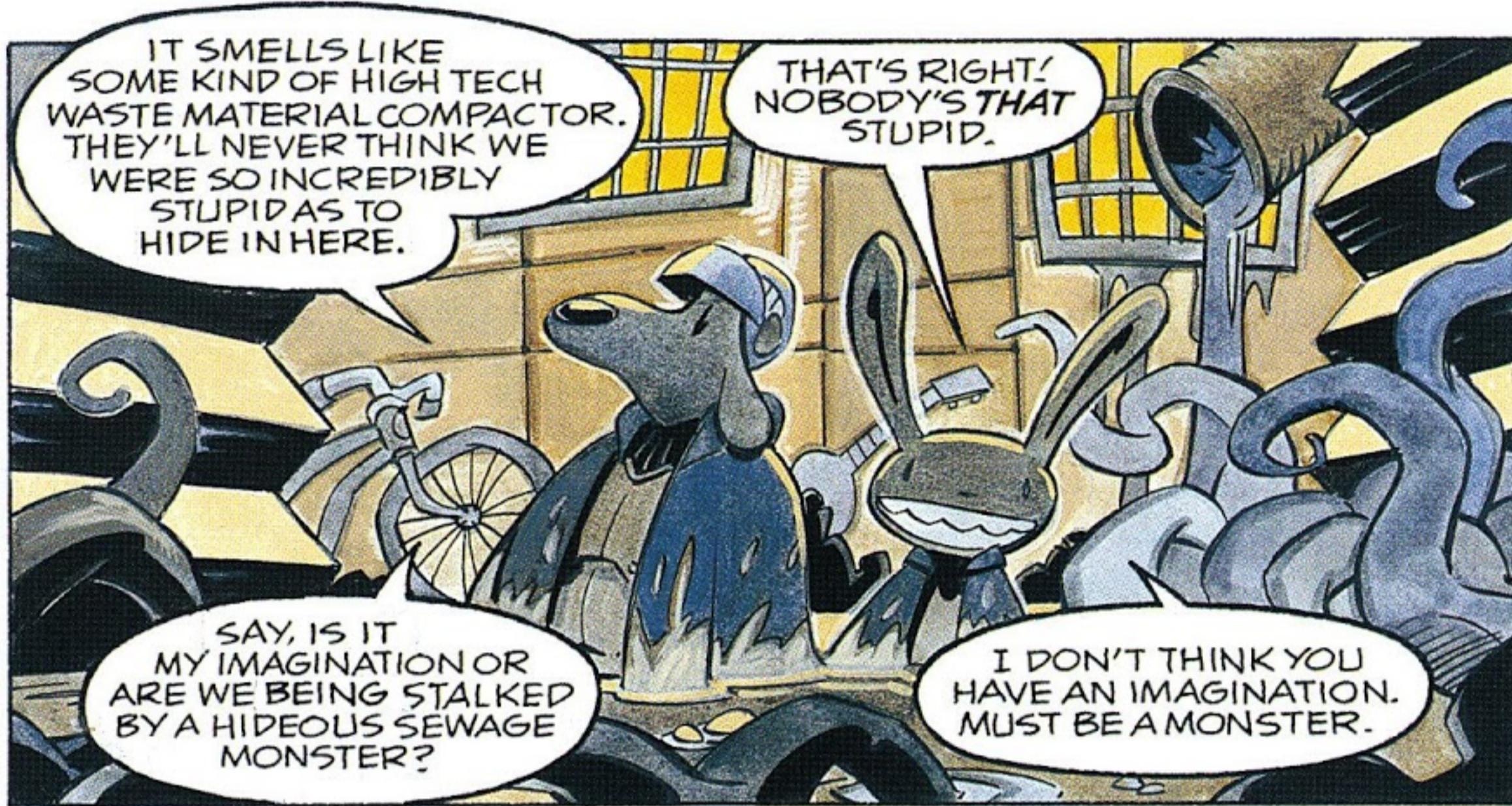
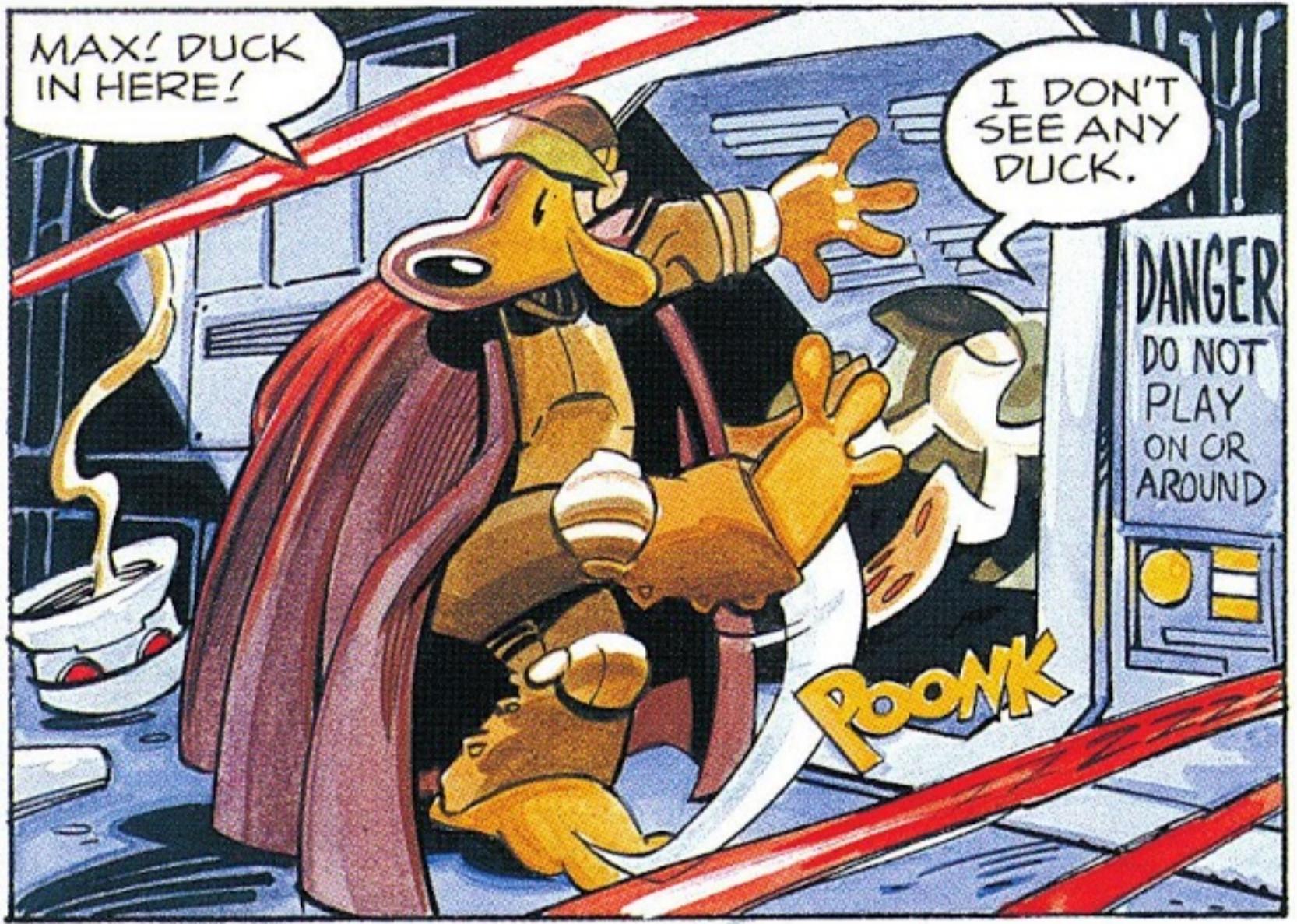


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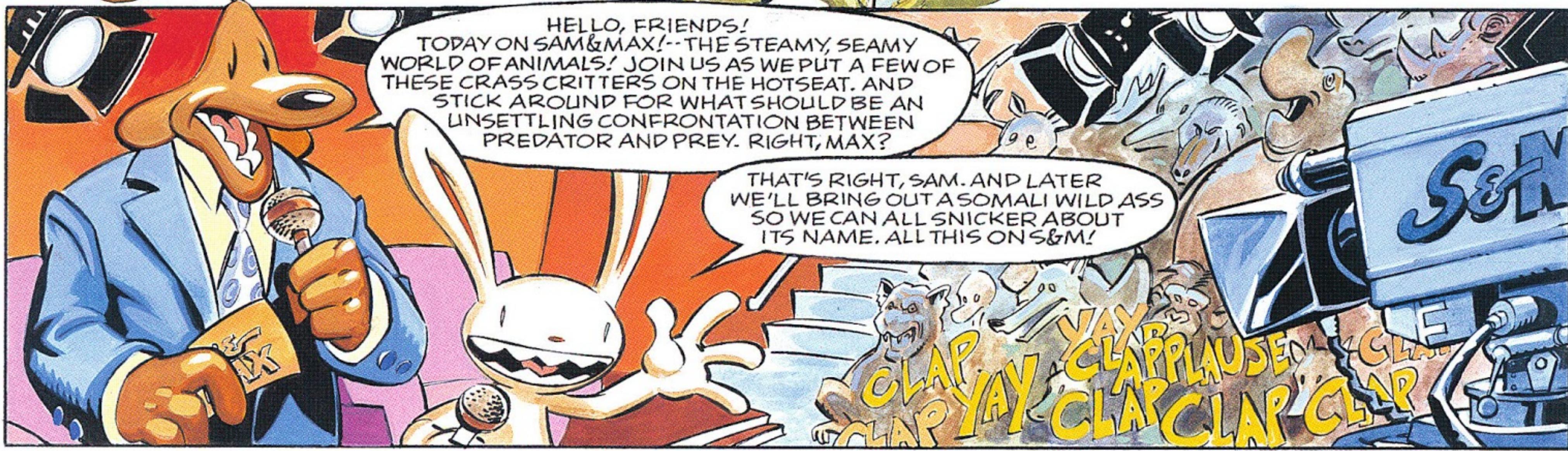
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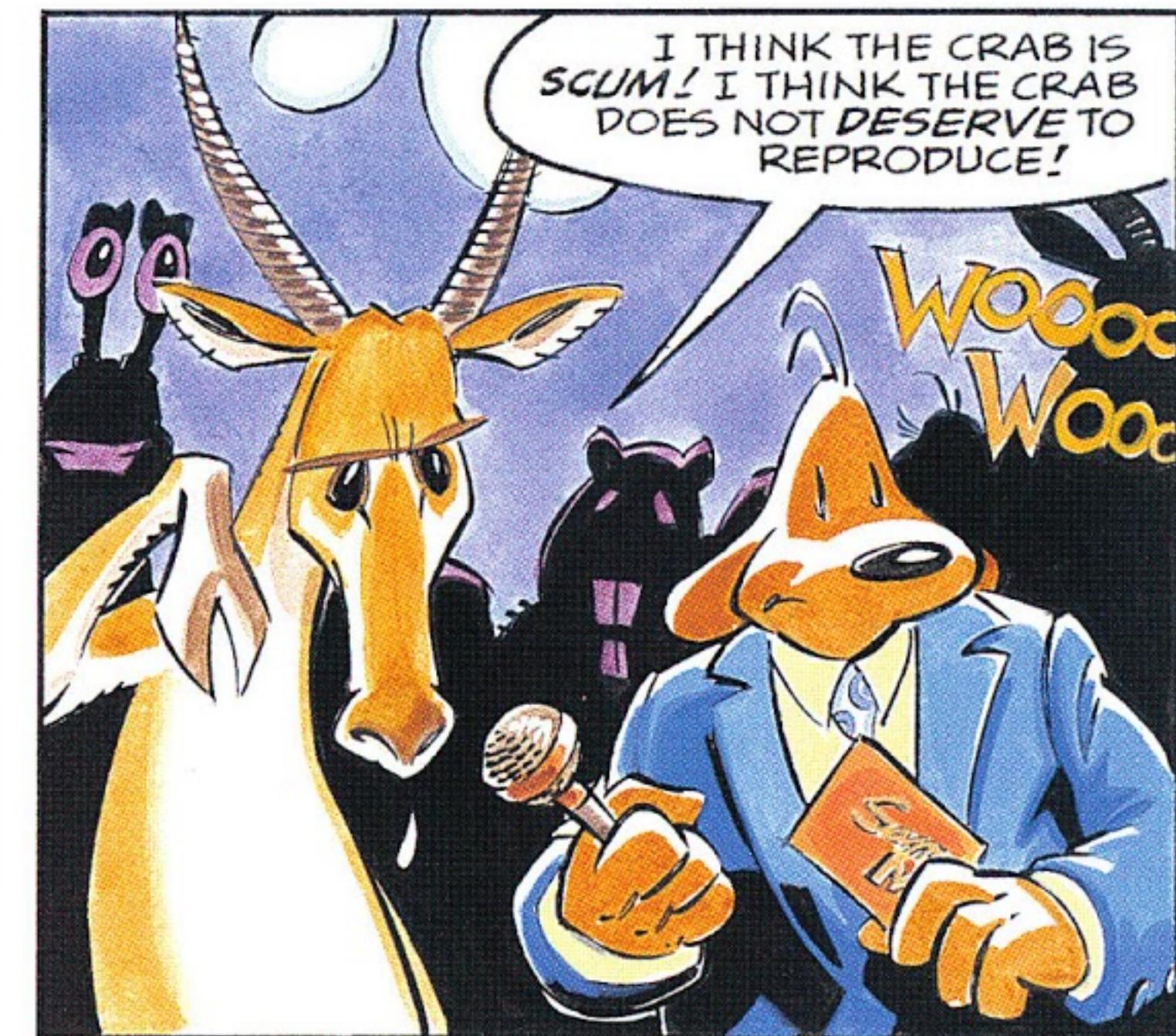
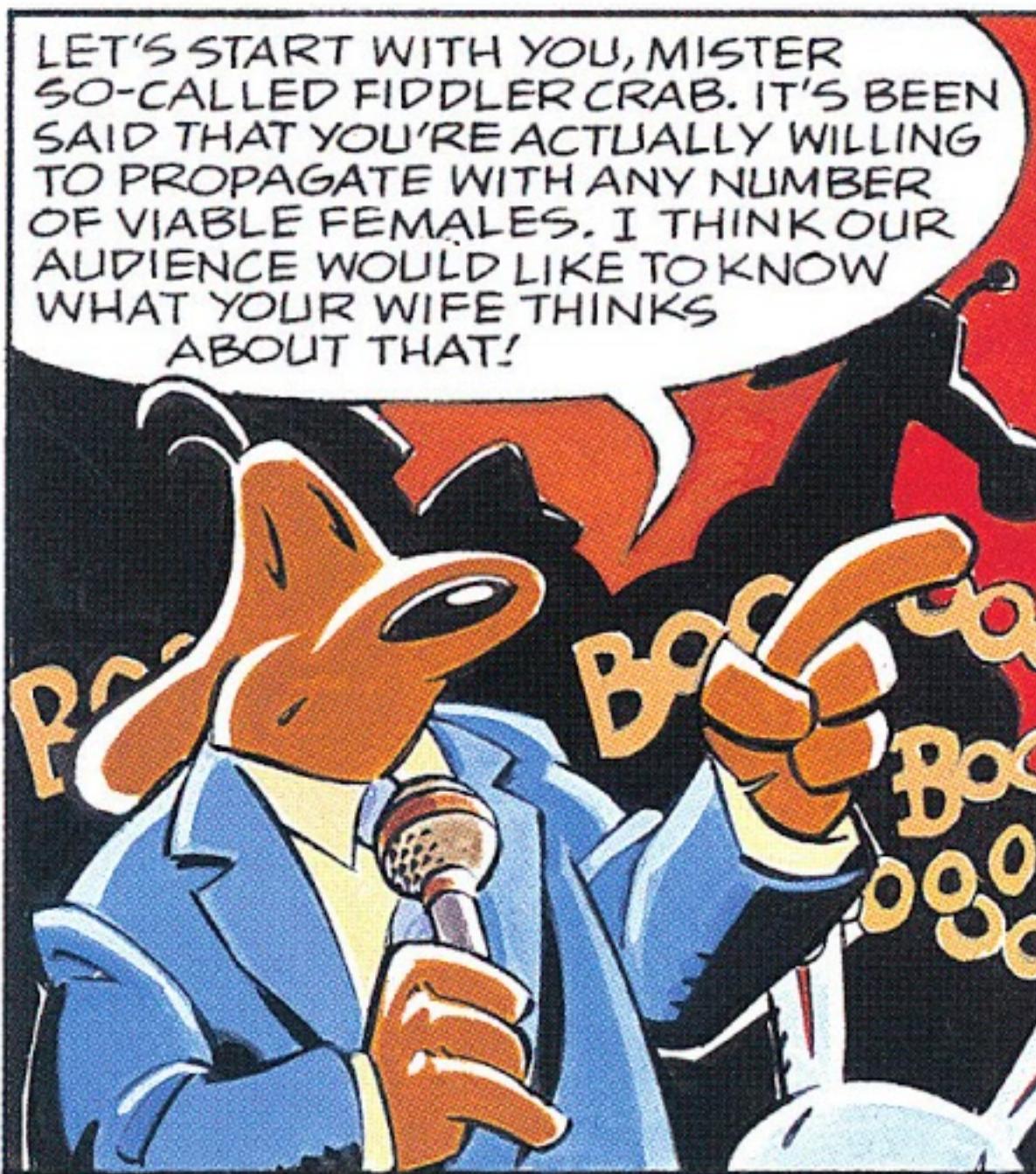
The title page features the book's name "Sam & MAX Hit the Road" in large, stylized letters. The lettering is a mix of blue, orange, and red, with "MAX" being particularly prominent in blue. To the left of the title, there's a cartoon illustration of a small brown lizard-like creature with large eyes and a long tail. Below the title, a small green lizard is shown. To the right of the title, a large yellow bus is depicted, with a green snake coiled around its side. A stack of three red dice sits on the ground next to the bus. In the top right corner, there's a copyright notice: "TM & © 1995 by Steve Purcell". Below the title, the artist's name "Steve Purcell" is written in a cursive blue font. At the bottom right, the name "LOIS BUHALIS - LETTERER" is printed in a smaller, black, sans-serif font.

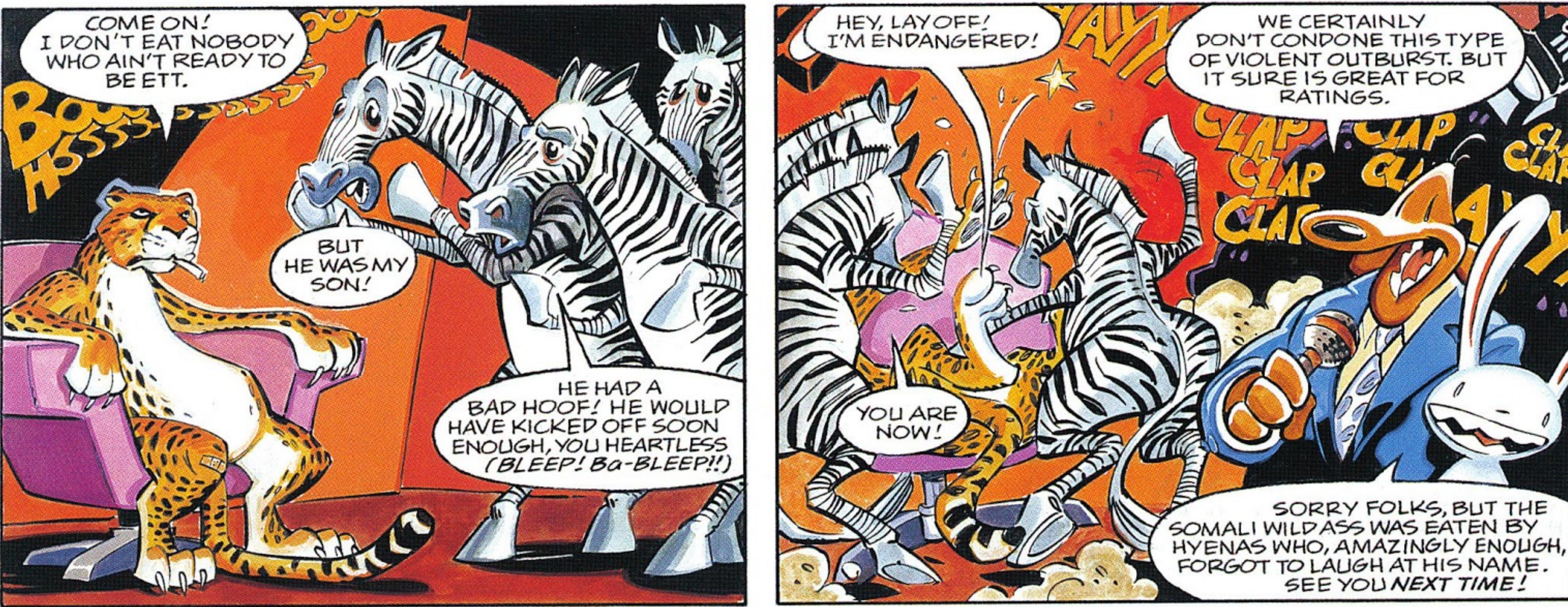
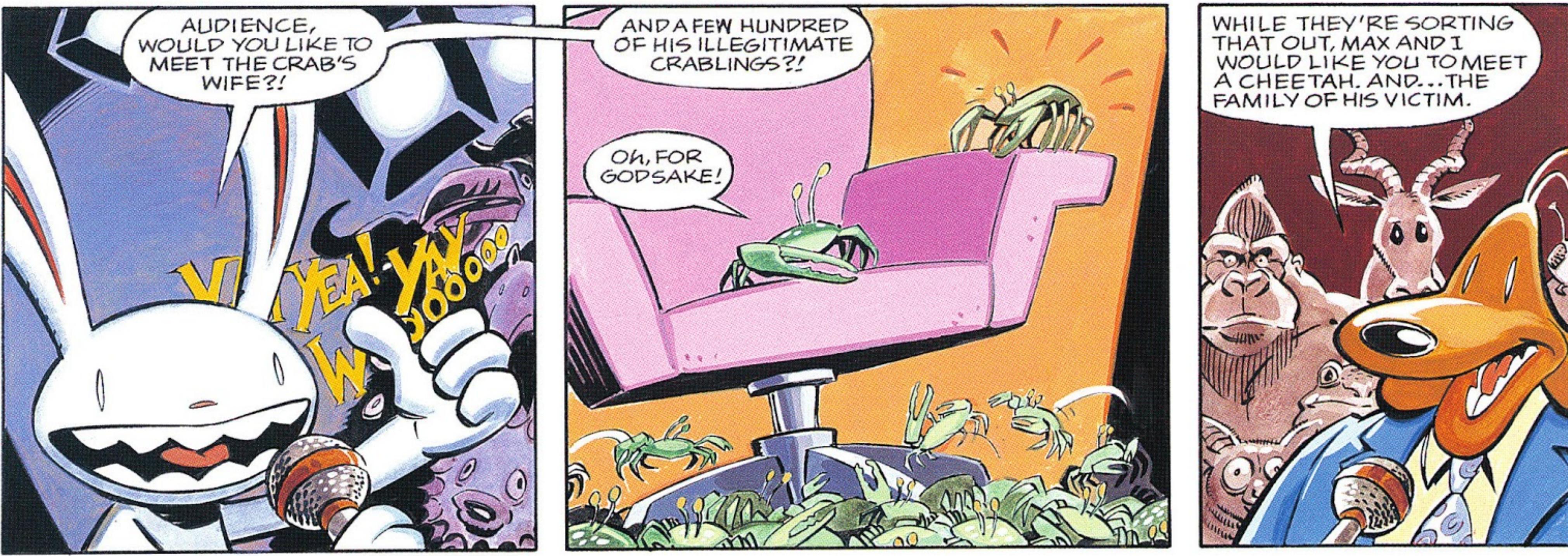


LET'S START WITH YOU, MISTER SO-CALLED FIDDLER CRAB. IT'S BEEN SAID THAT YOU'RE ACTUALLY WILLING TO PROPAGATE WITH ANY NUMBER OF VIABLE FEMALES. I THINK OUR AUDIENCE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT YOUR WIFE THINKS ABOUT THAT!

LISTEN--IT'S
COMPLETELY NATURAL
BEHAVIOR! I MEAN, LOOK--
MOST OF US ARE EATEN BY
SEALS BEFORE WE'RE
A WEEK OLD!

I THINK THE CRAB IS
SCUM! I THINK THE CRAB
DOES NOT DESERVE TO
REPRODUCE!

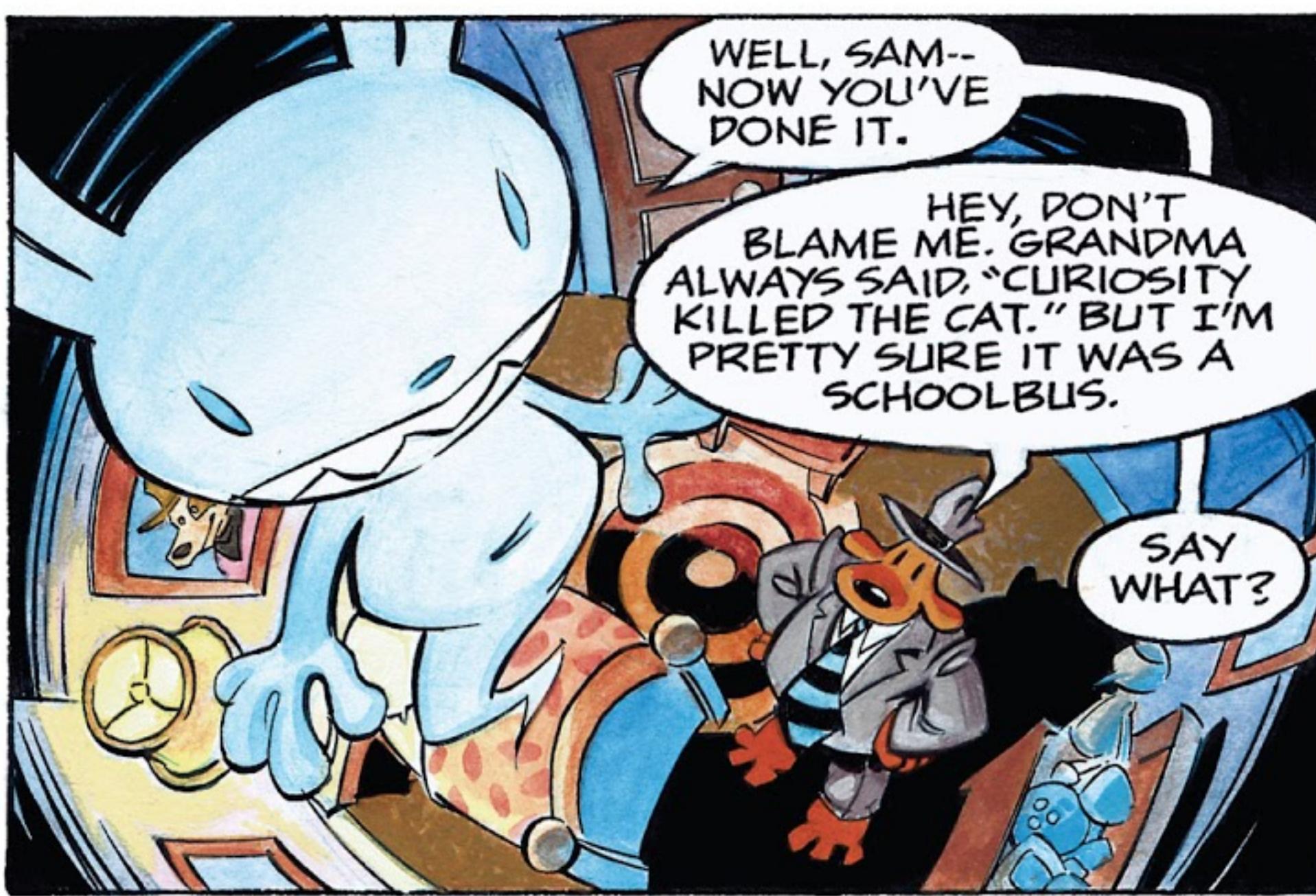
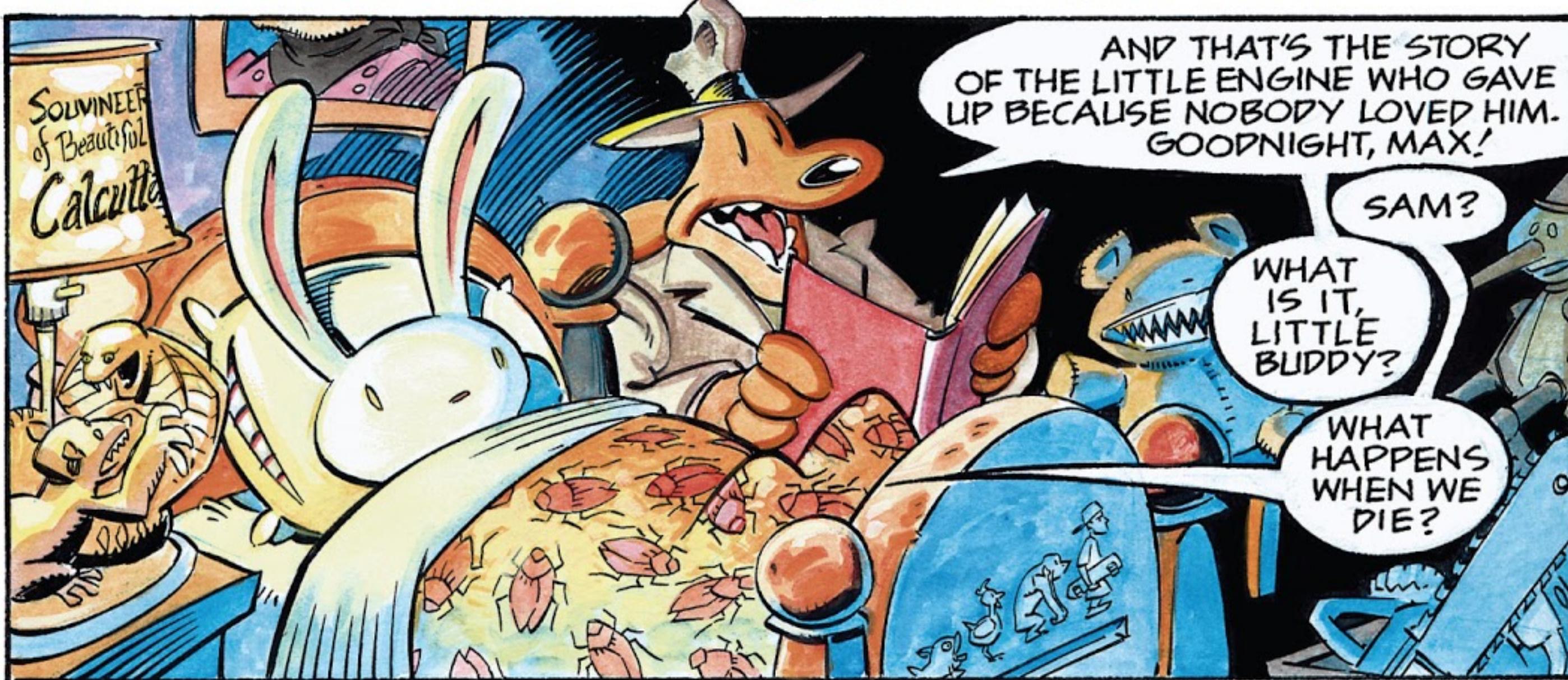


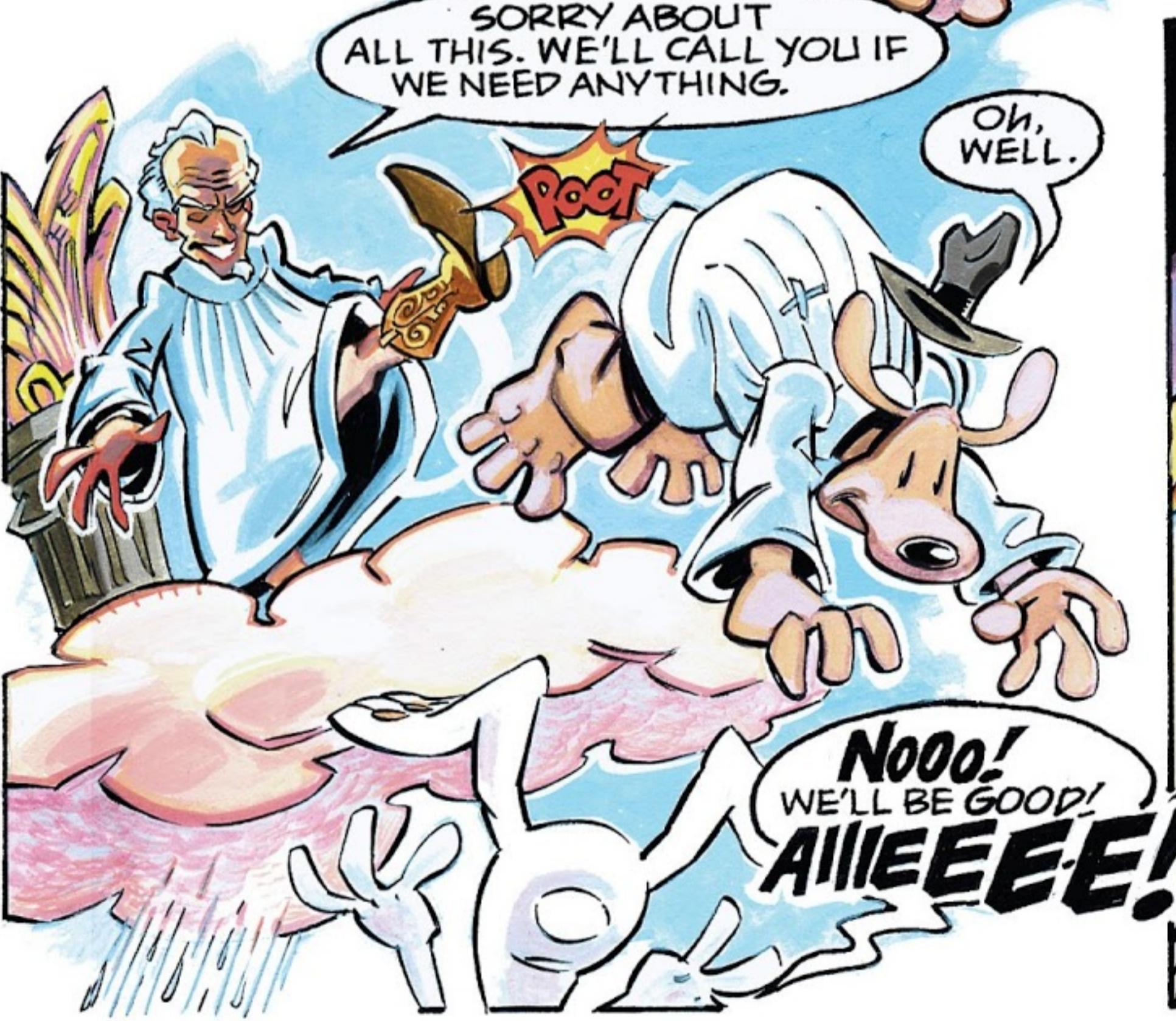
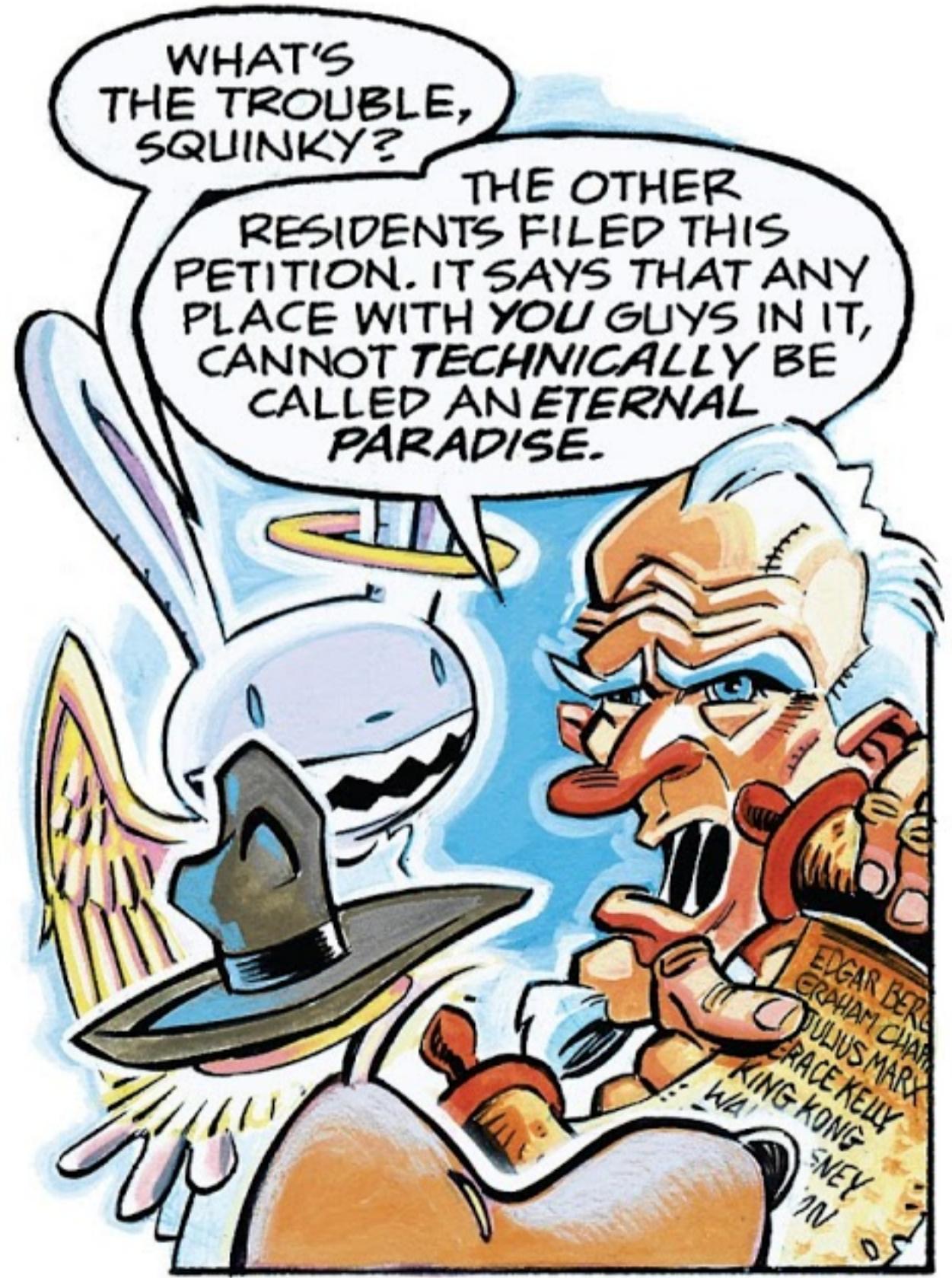
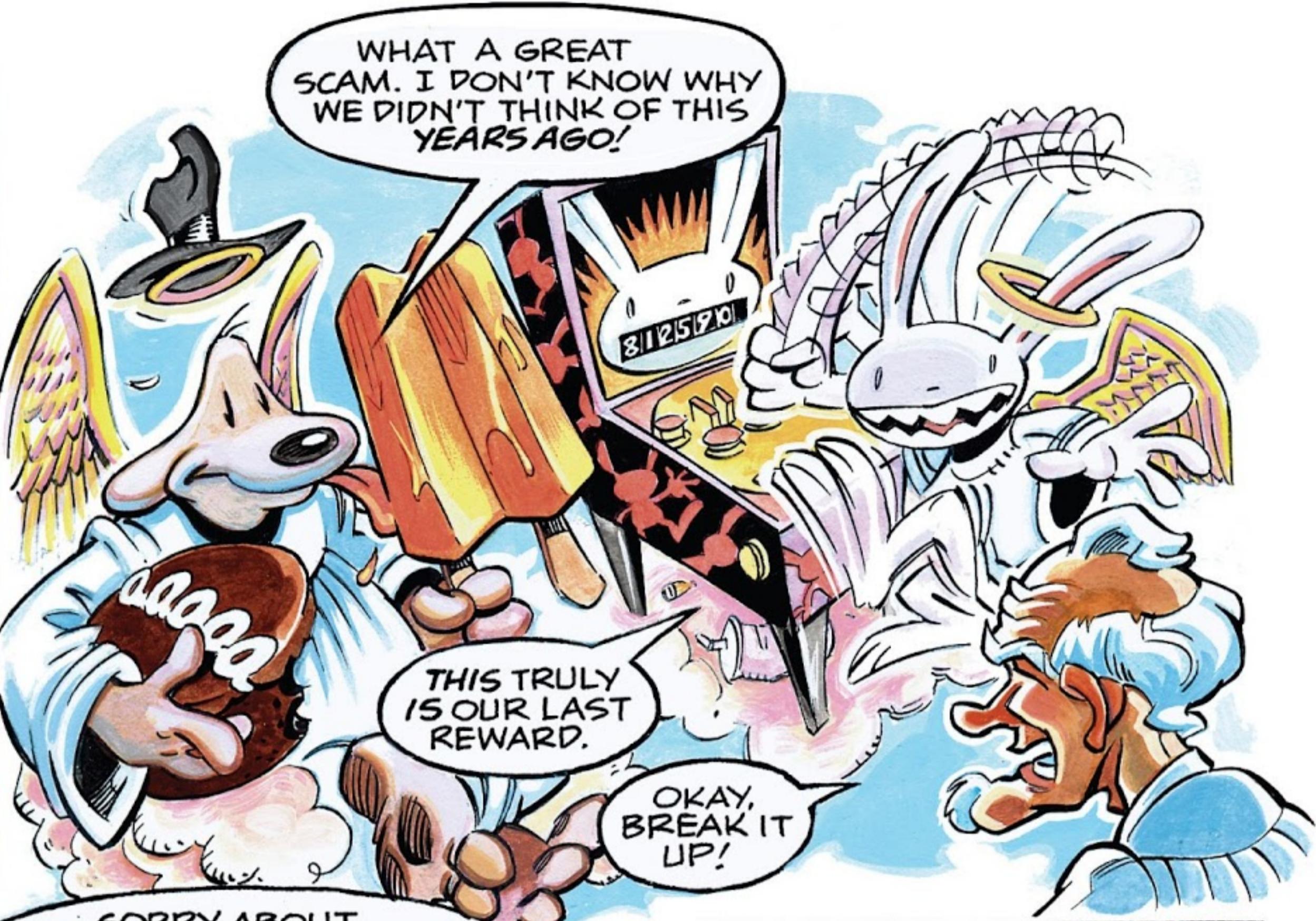
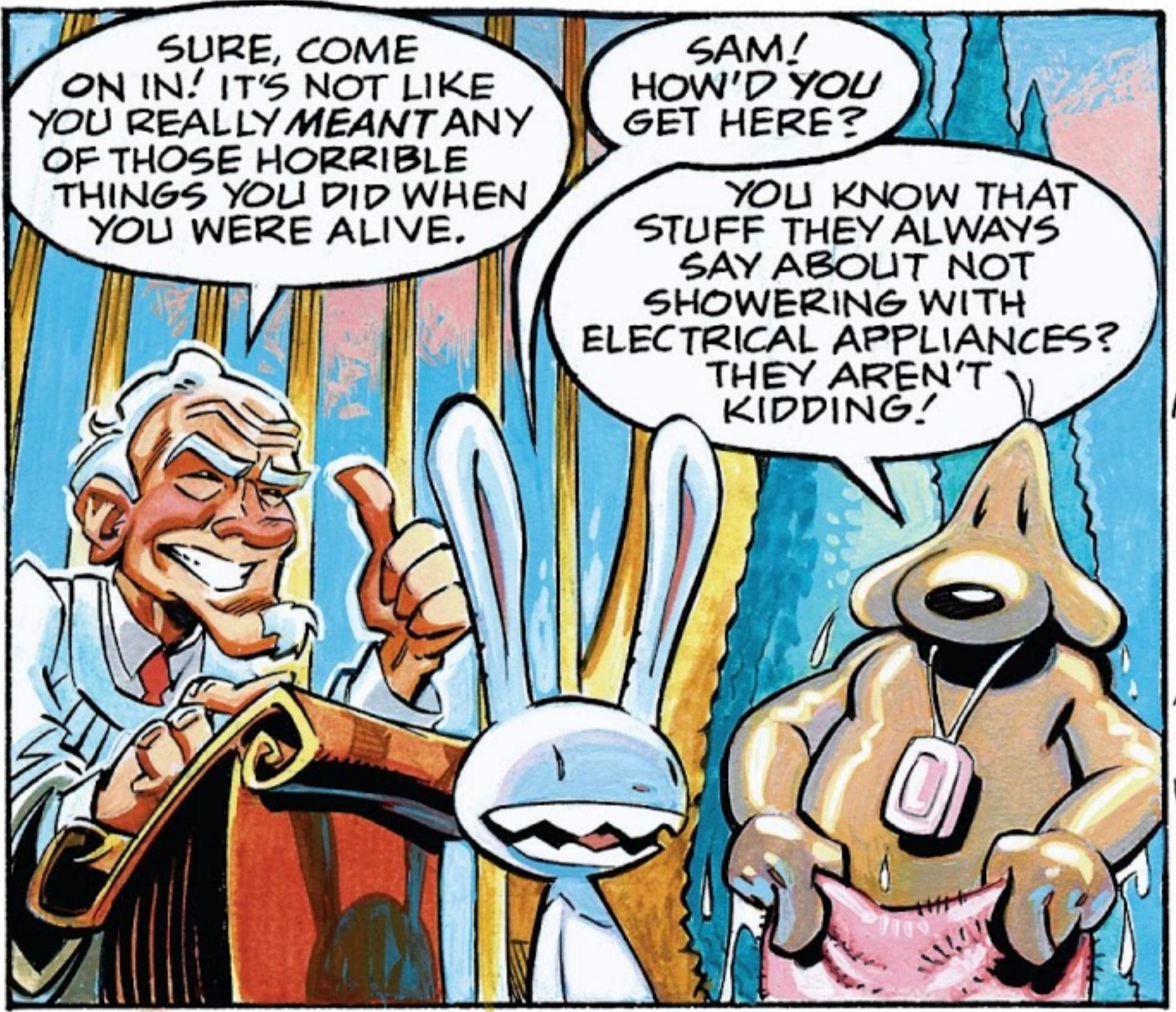


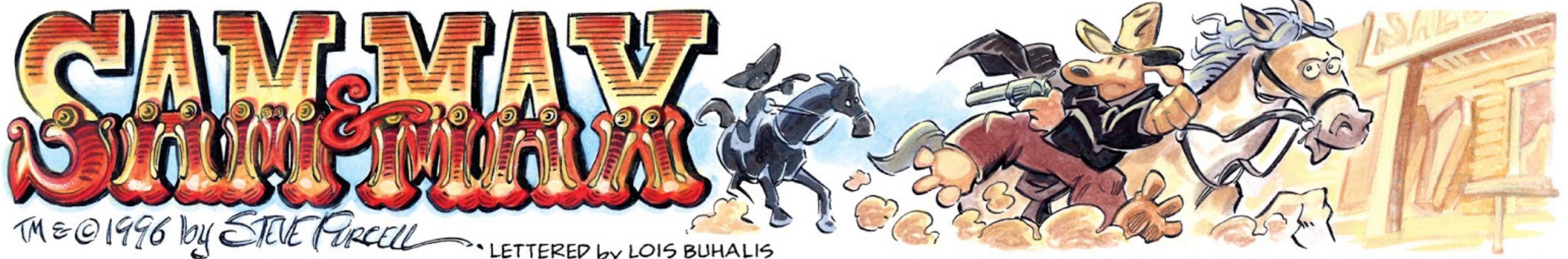
Sam & Max

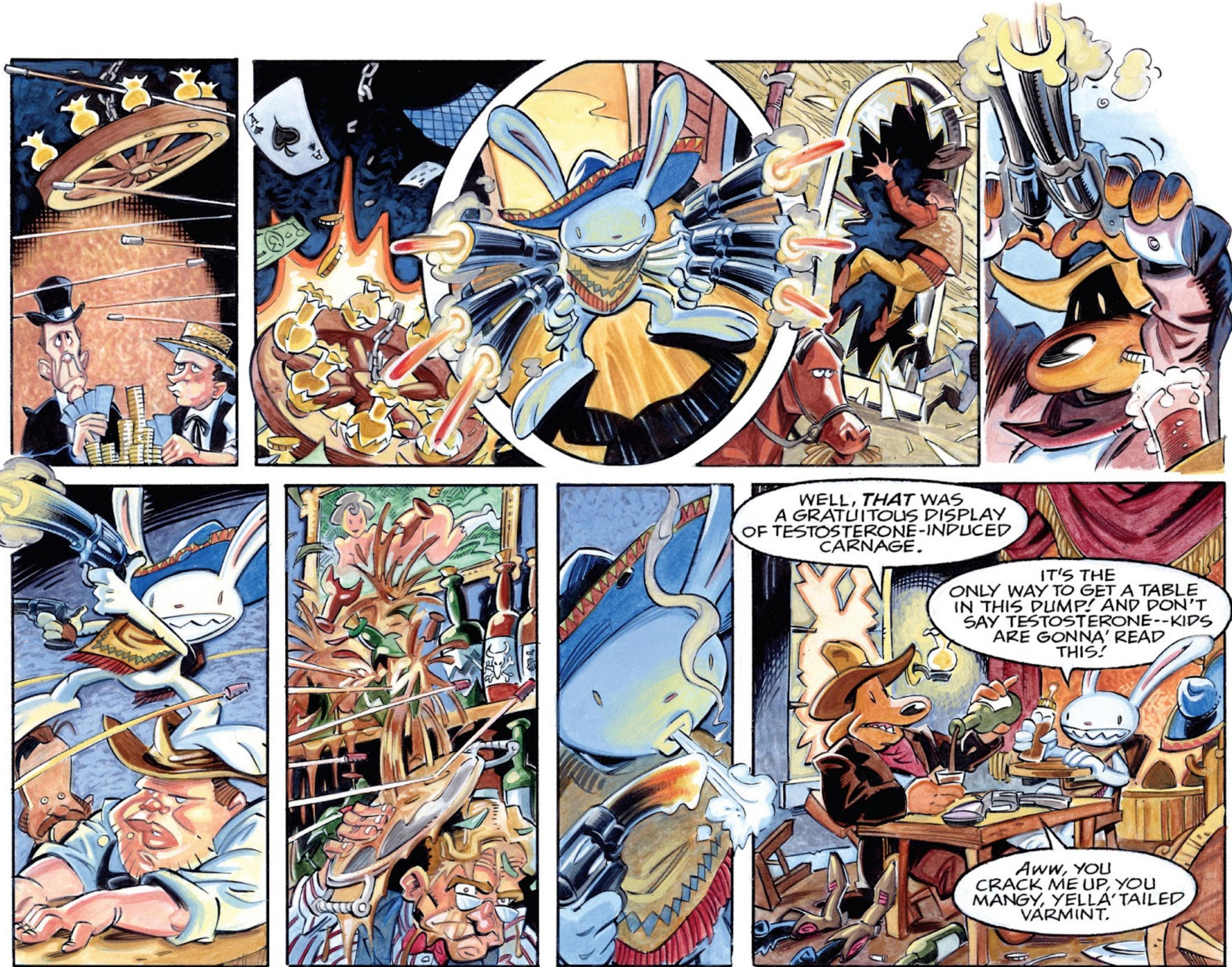
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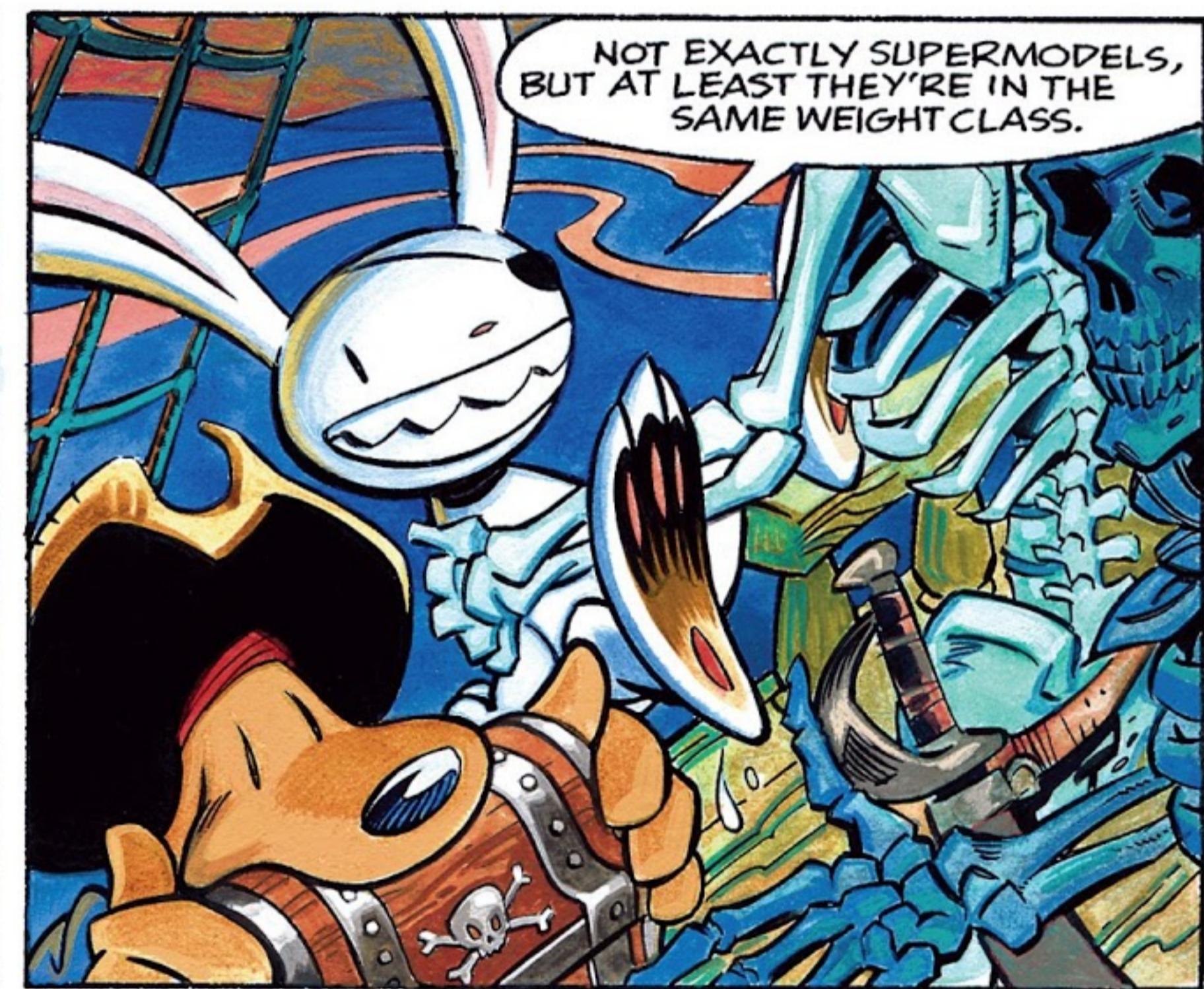
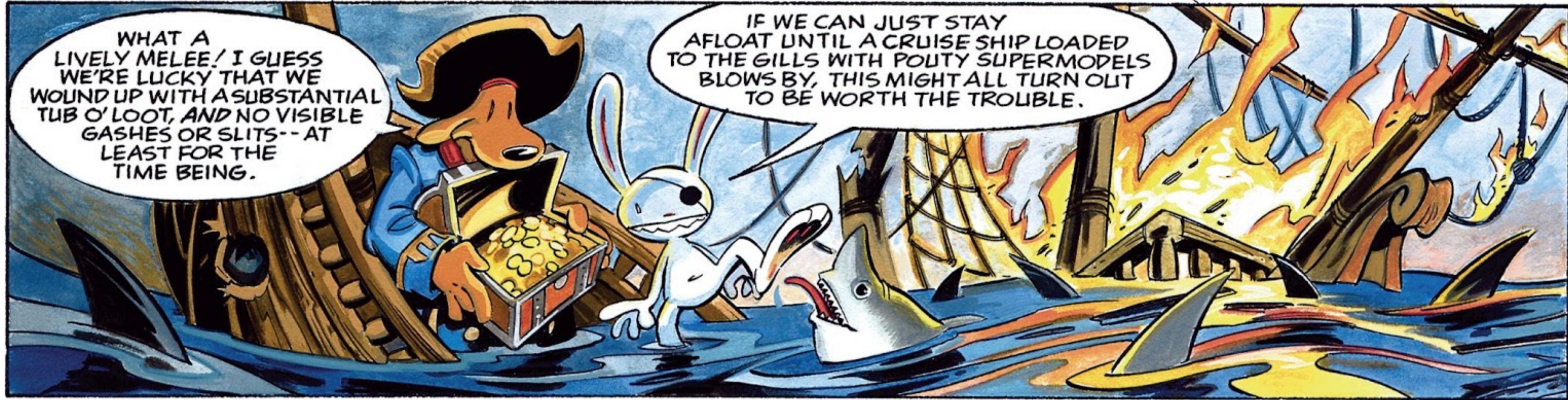
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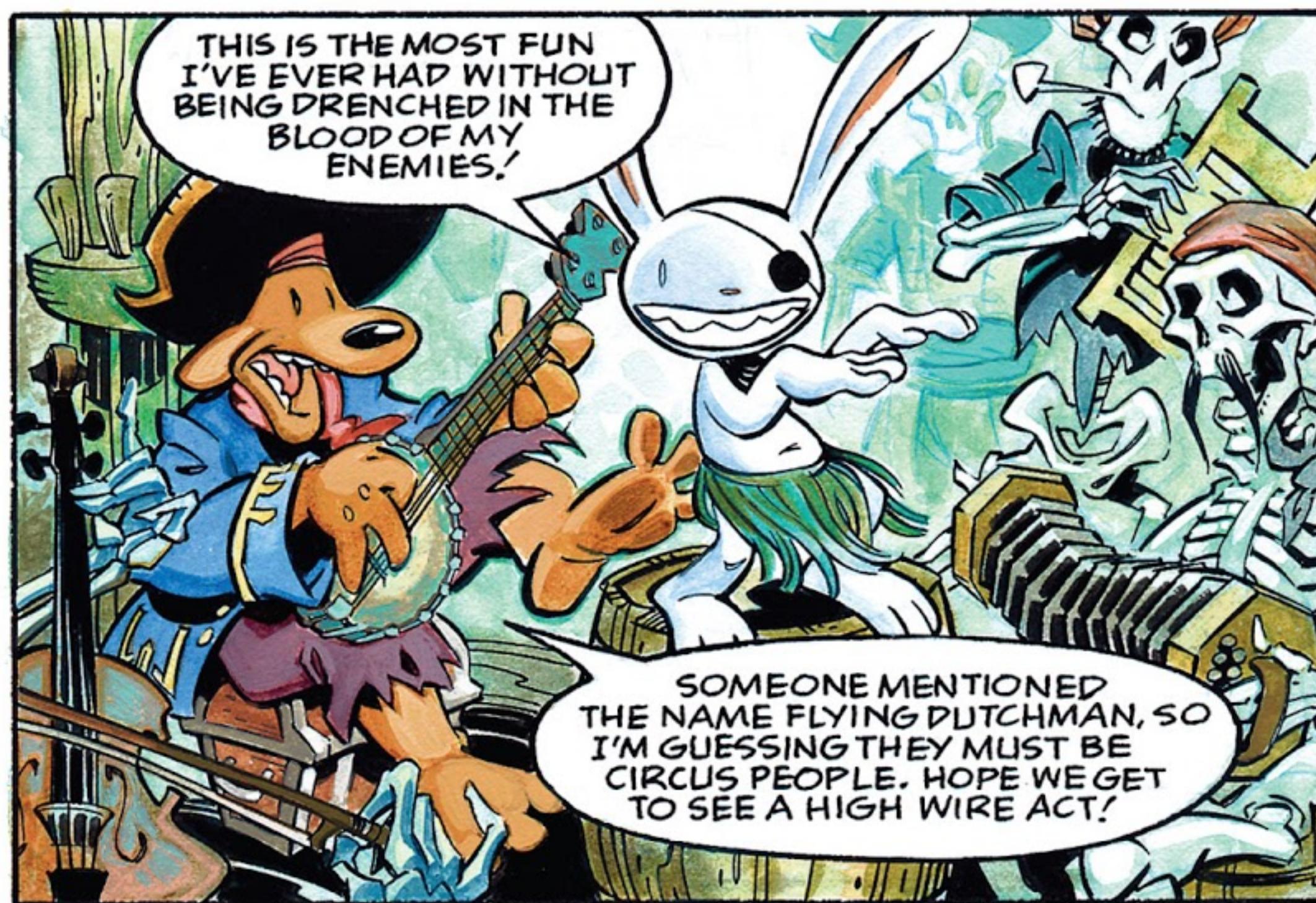


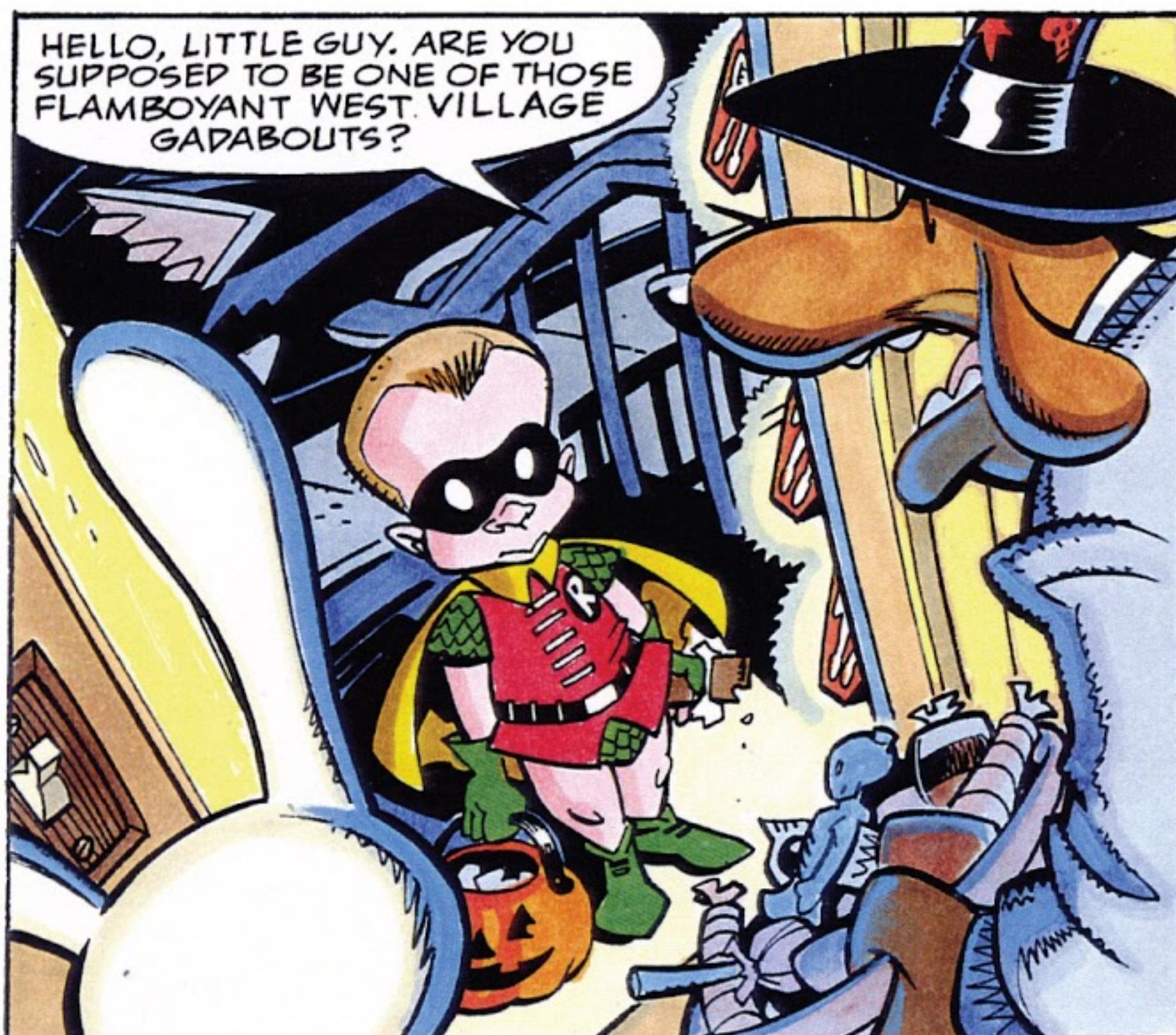
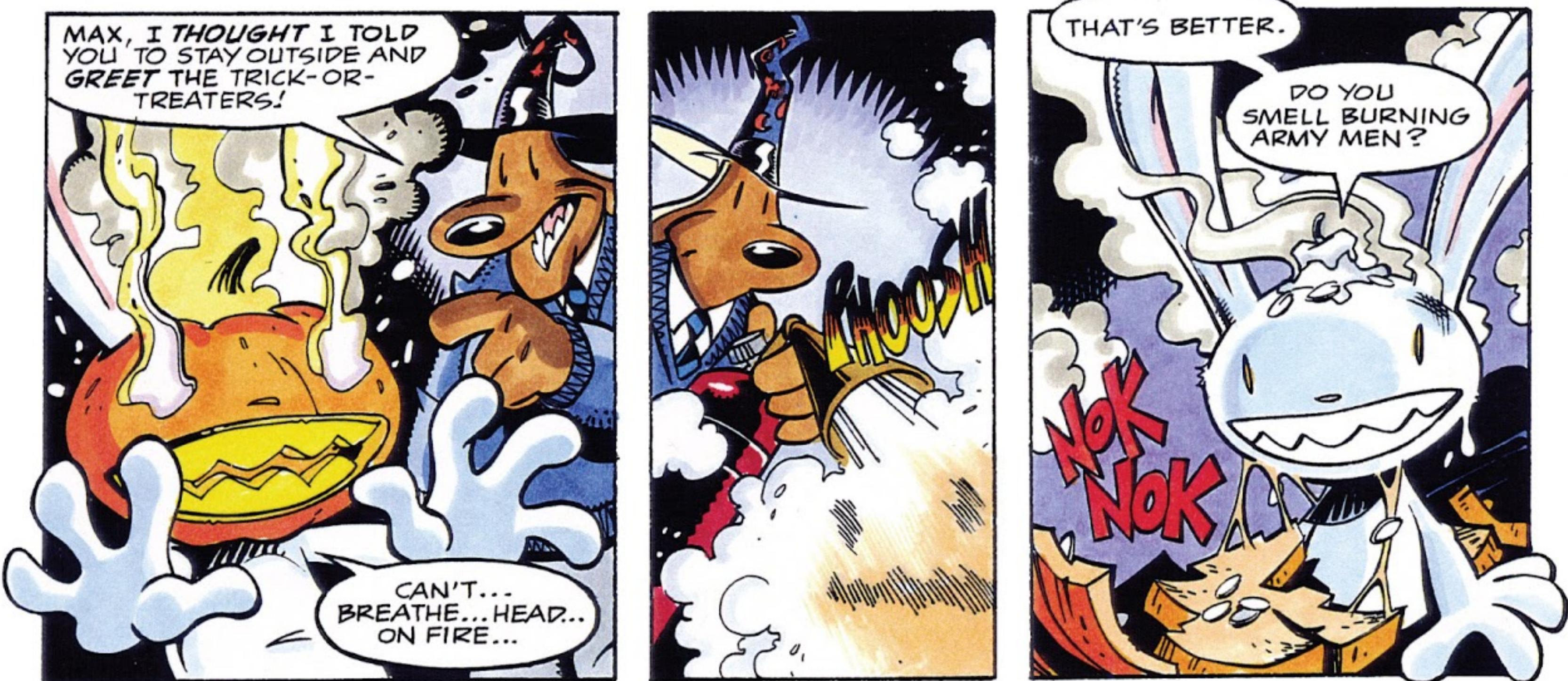


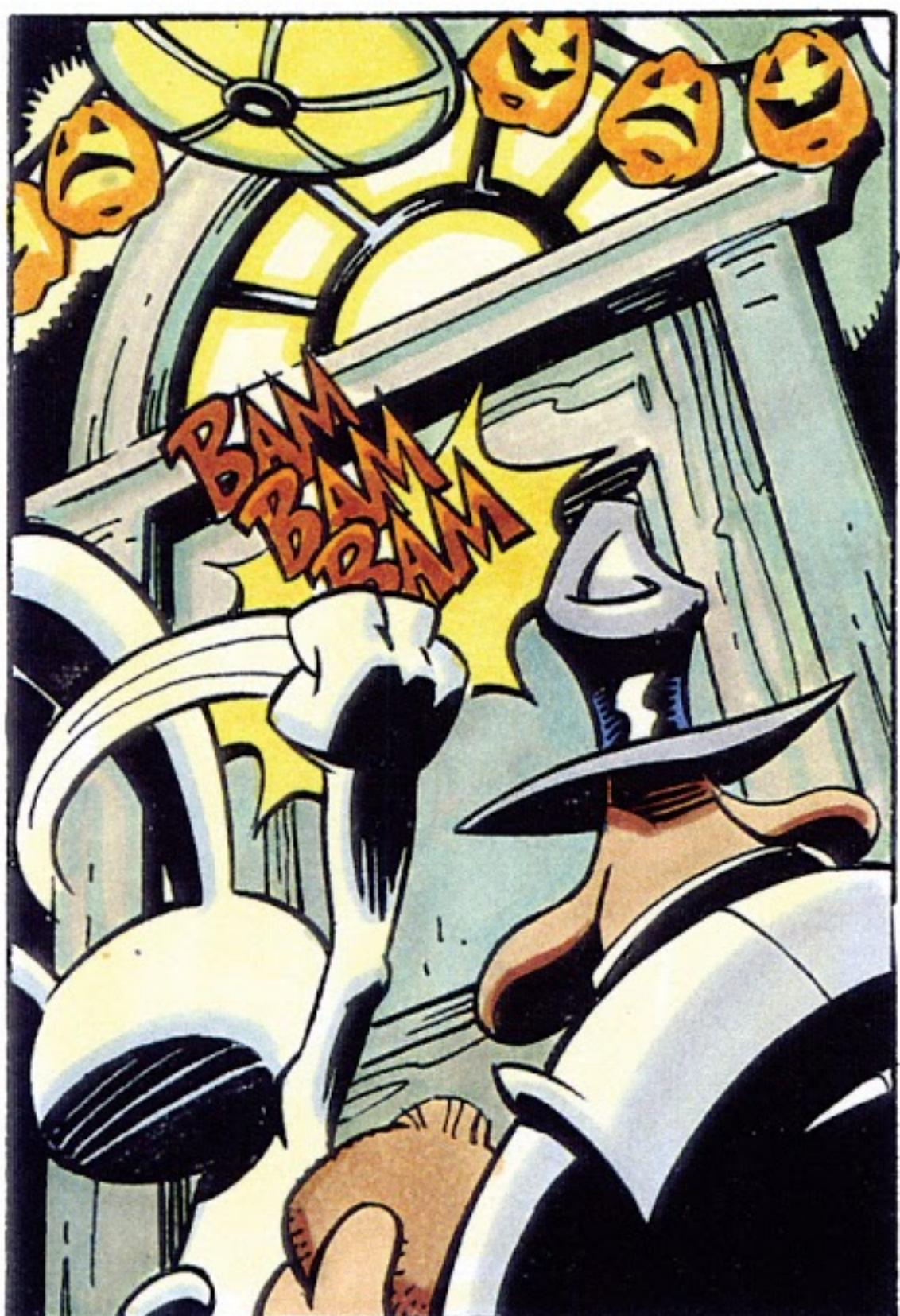
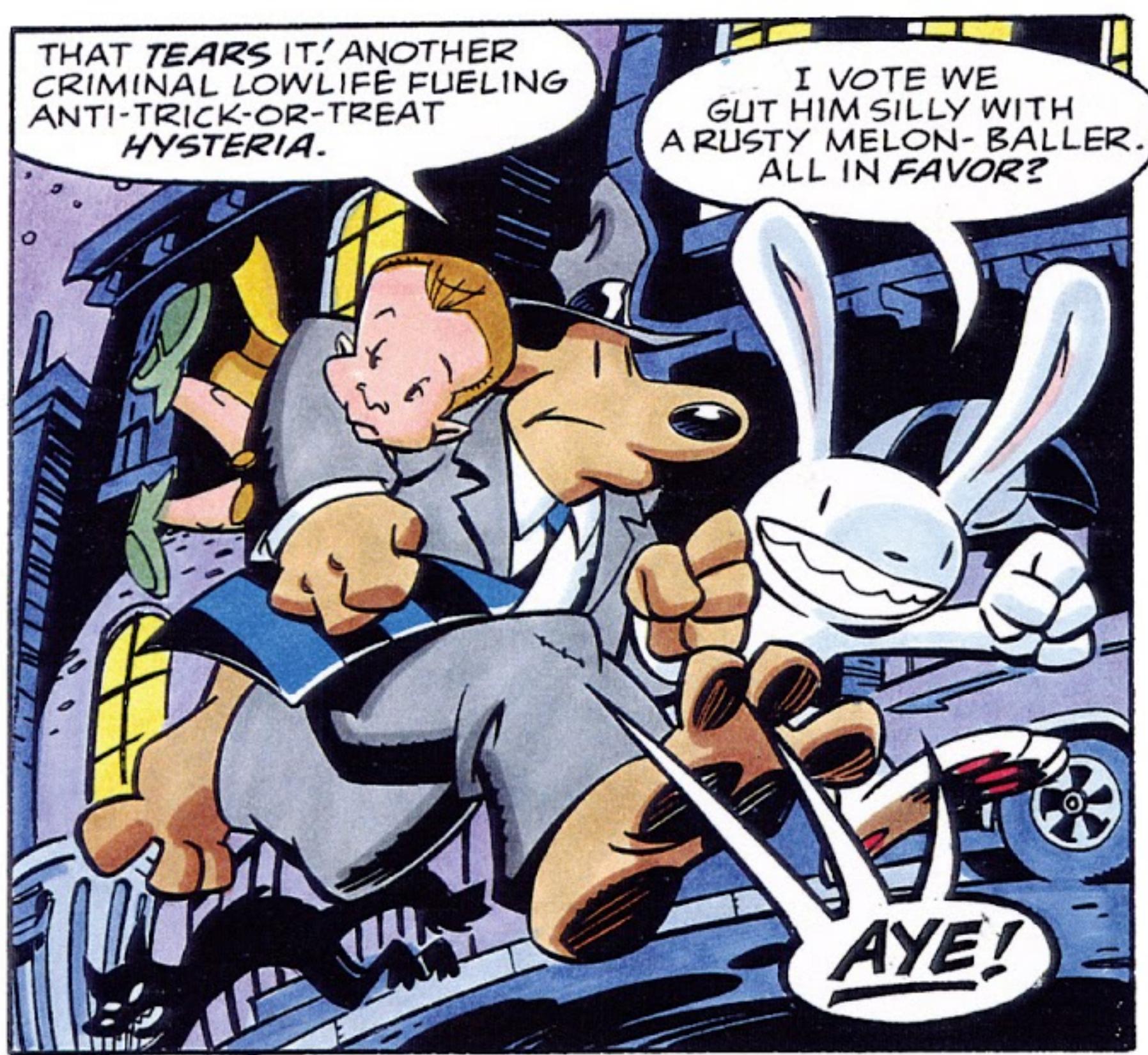
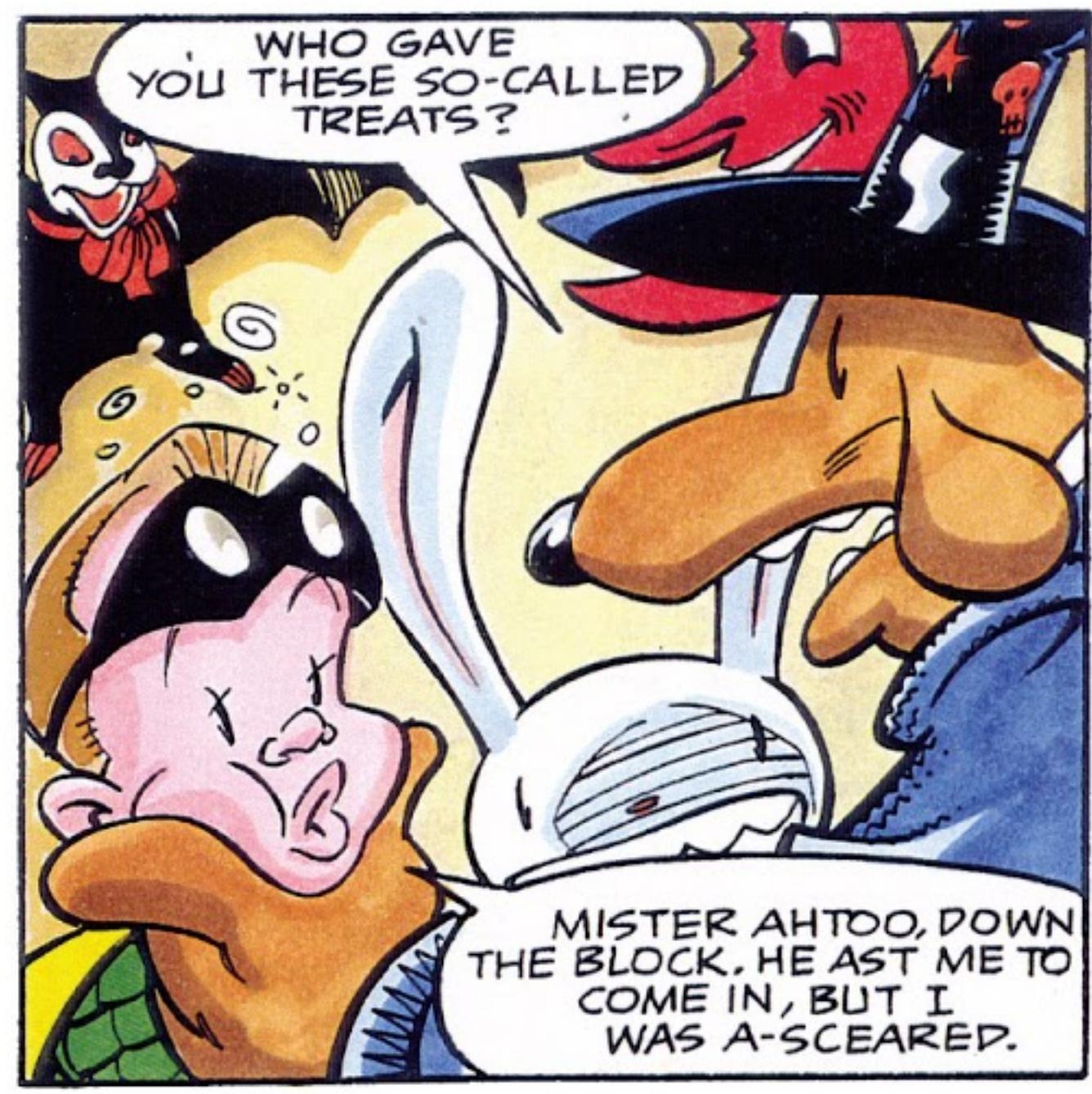
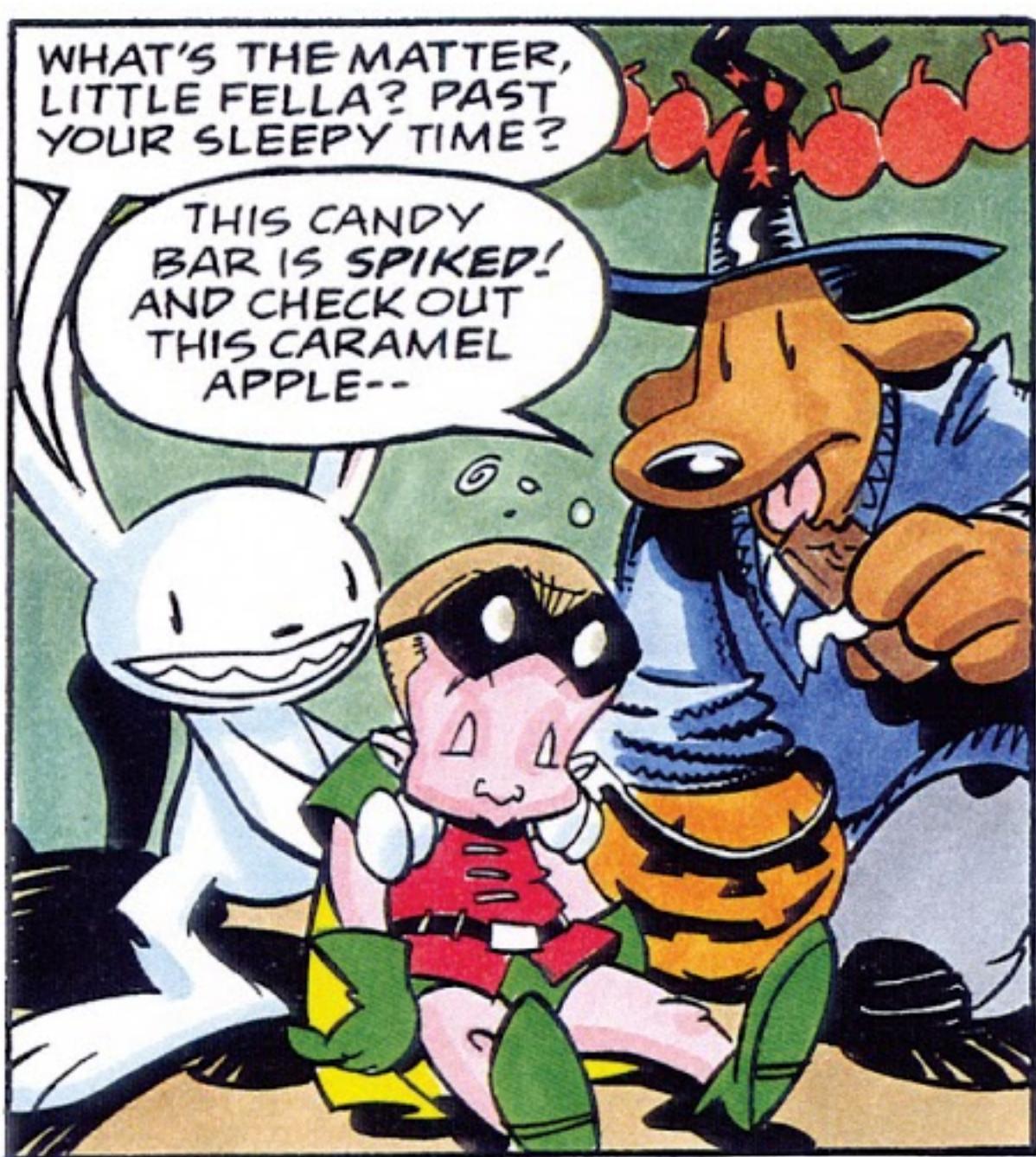


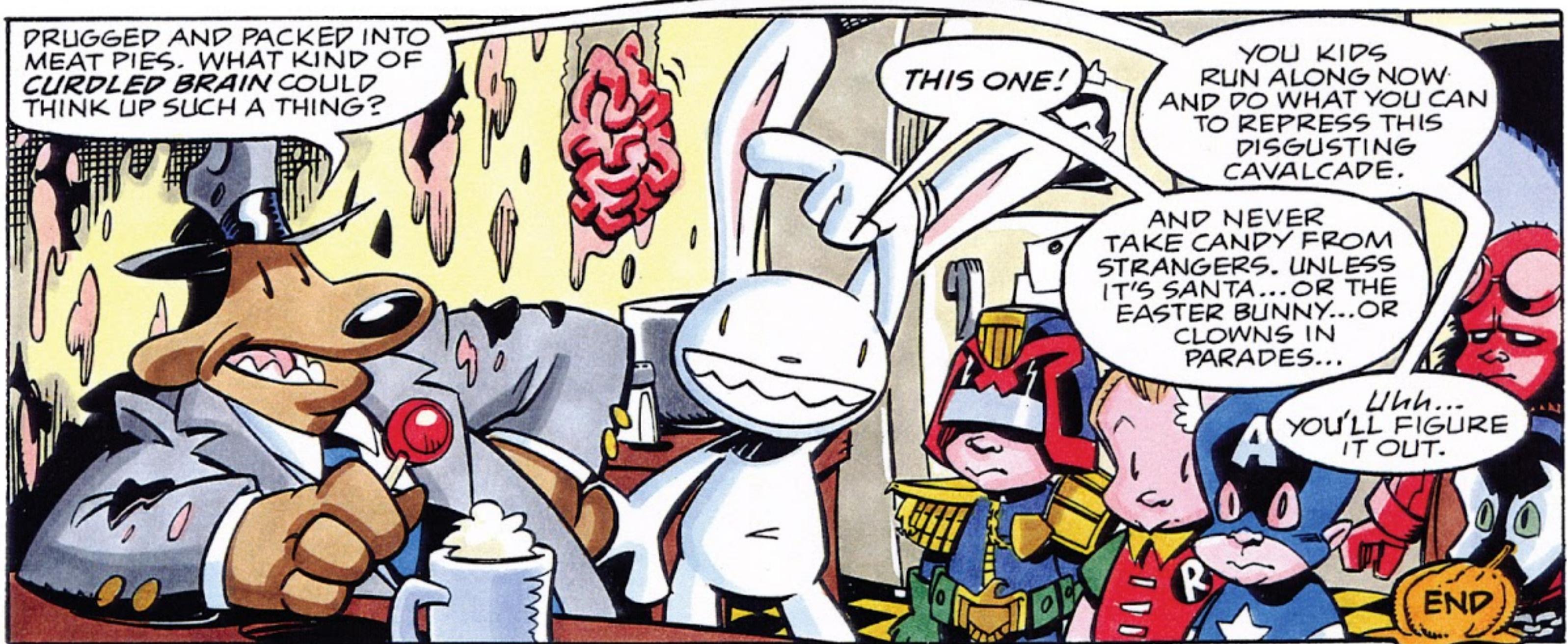
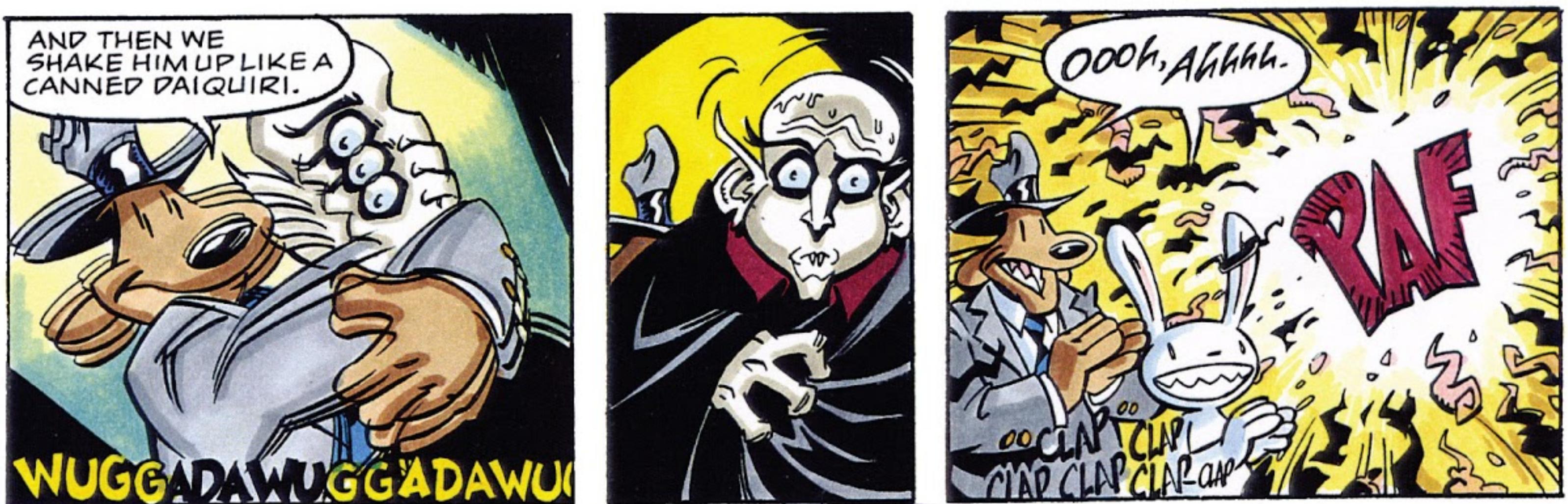
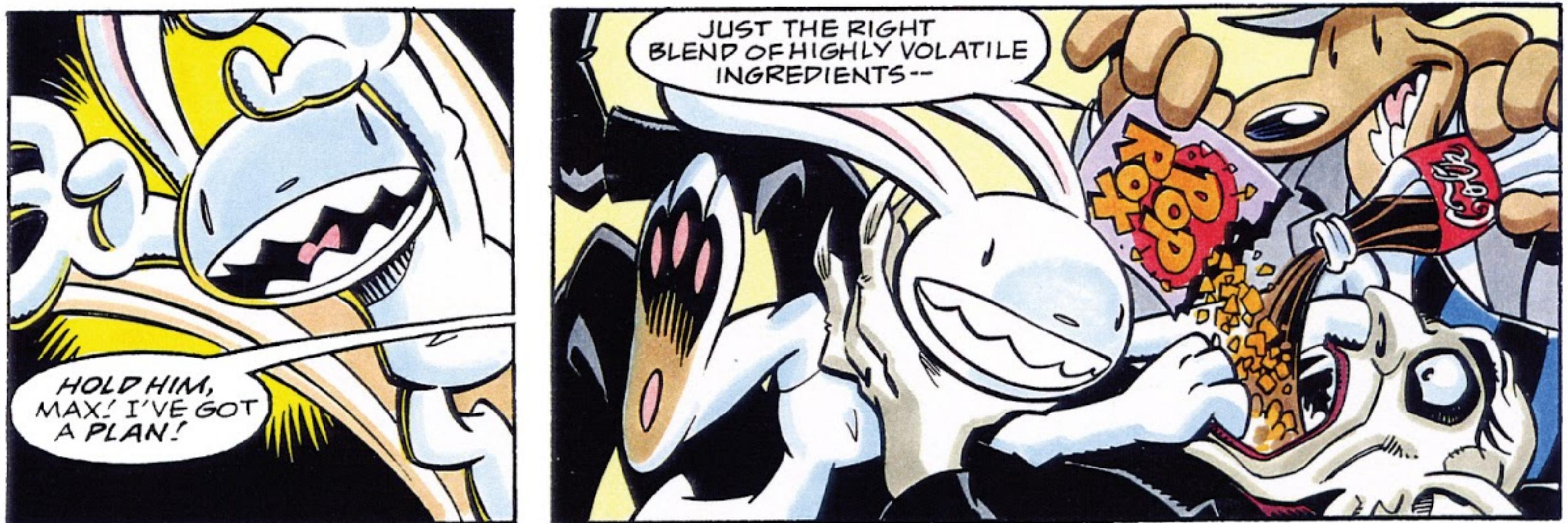
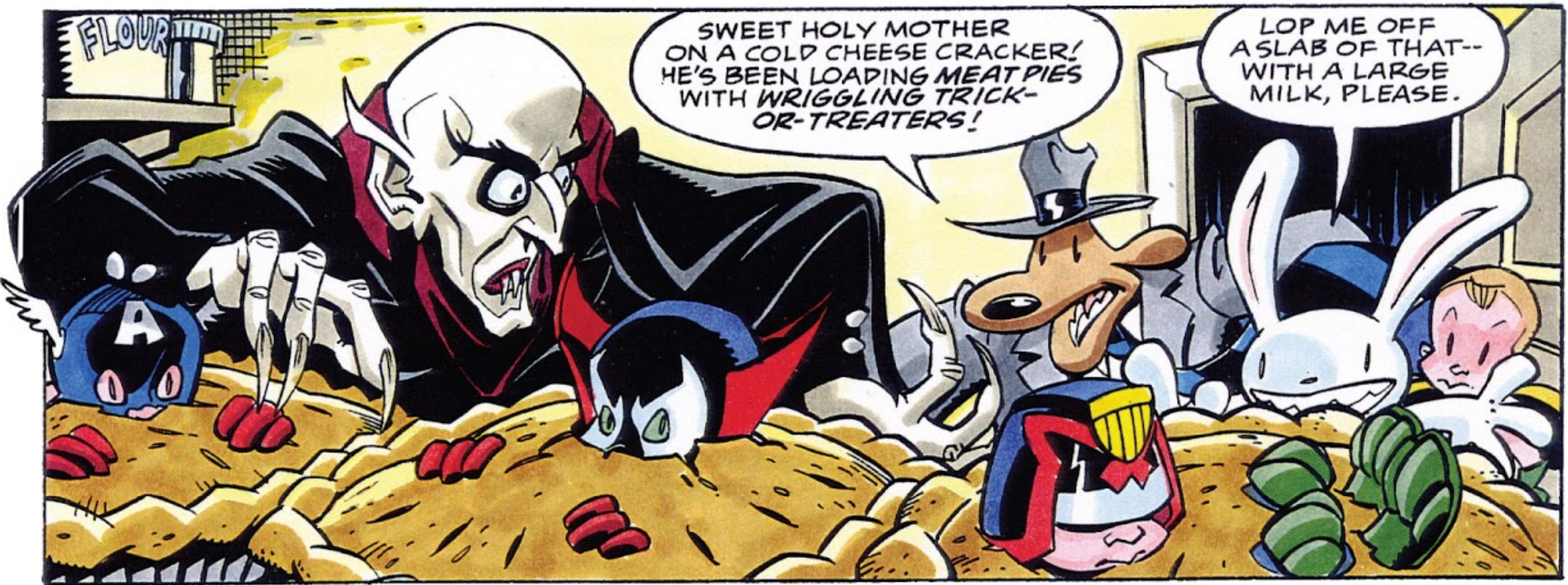






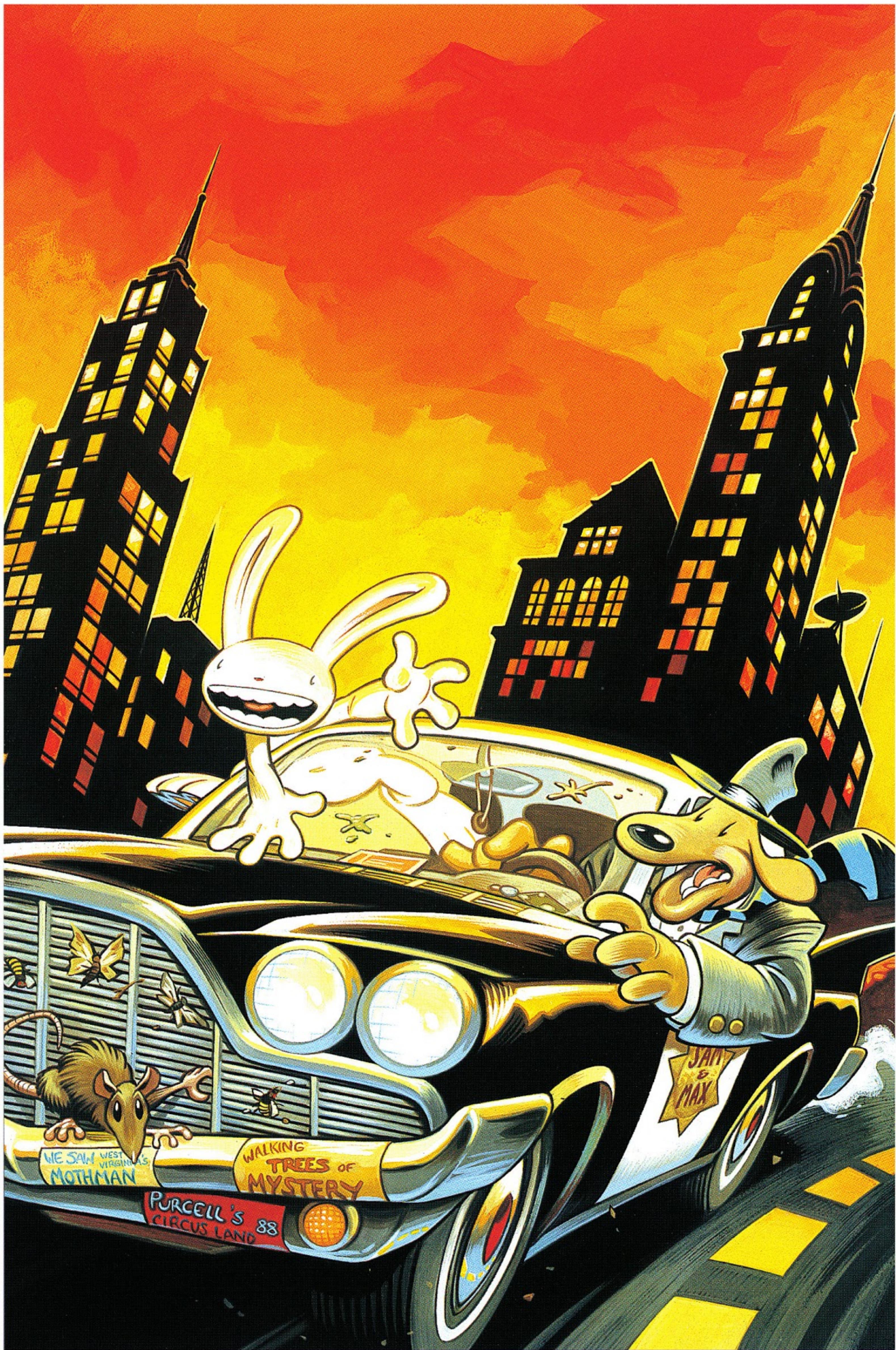


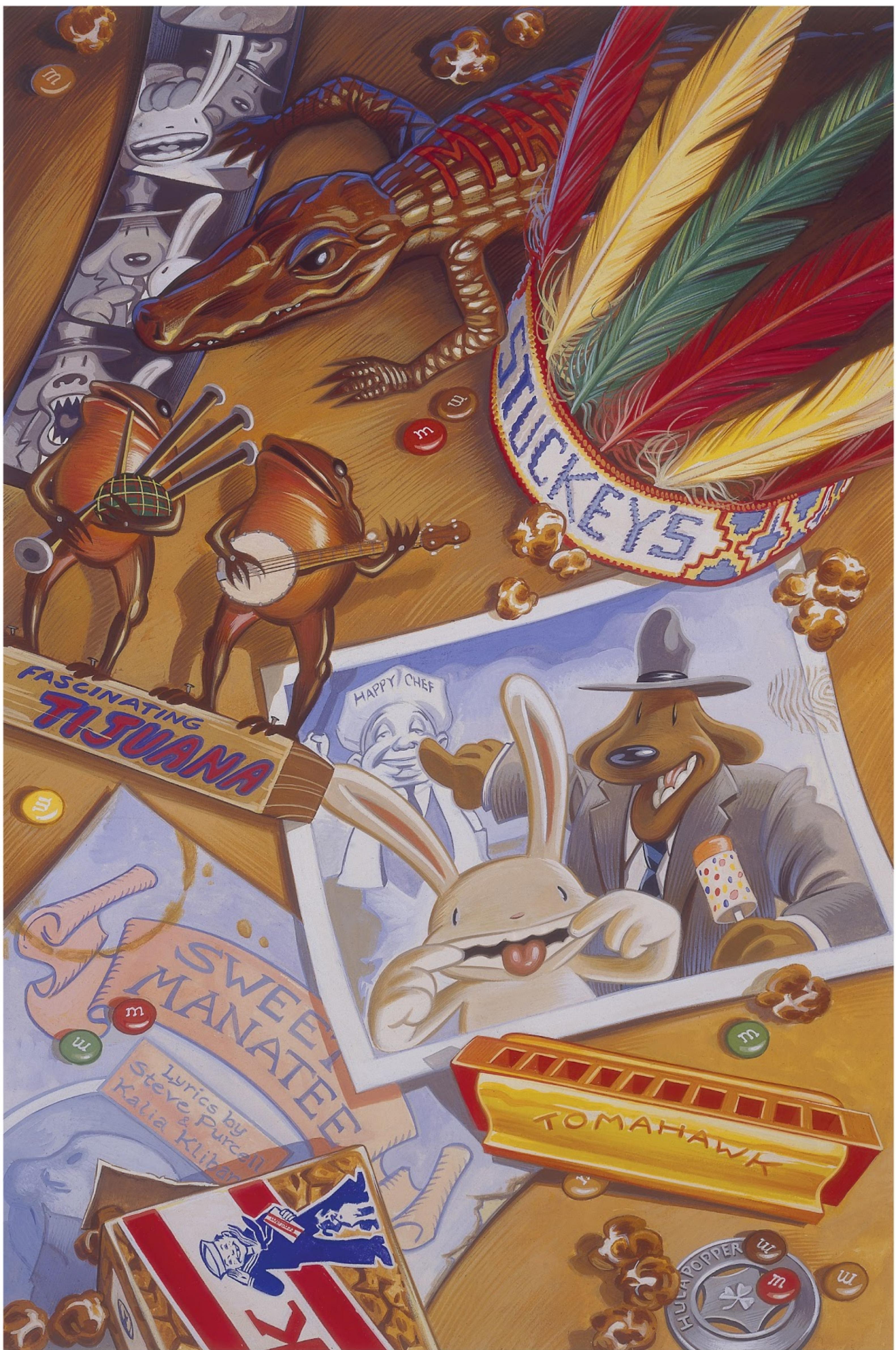






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